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The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS—THE KING PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE 3RD BATTALION ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FORMATION OF THE REGIMENT ON JULY 5, 1650: The King, in full dress as Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstreams, is seen holding the Colour which he placed in charge of the Lieutenant who is kneeling to receive it

The Coldstream Guards, the oldest unit in the Brigade of Guards, was formed from companies enlisted at Coldstream, Berwickshire, by Oliver Cromwell in 1650 for the New Model Army and placed under the command of General Monk. Monk's Regiment of Foot (the Coldstreams' original title) remained in Scotland until 1659, when it marched to London with Monk and was re-entitled The Lord General's Regiment. With the accession of Charles II the regiment entered the Royal service and came to be known as the Coldstream Guards. Before the end of the seventeenth century they saw foreign service for the first time and they fought under William III and Marlborough in the Netherlands. They were at Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and particularly distinguished themselves at Fontenoy in 1745. Talvera, Barossa and Fuentes d'Onoro were emblazoned on their battle honours in the Peninsula War, and at Waterloo they were one of the regiments which lost most heavily in the face of savage and repeated charges by the French. In both the First and Second World Wars their record was on the same heroic scale. Many of the sons of the men who were at Cambrai and Arras, and stormed the Hindenburg Line, landed in France with the Guards Armoured Division in 1944, fought at Caen, liberated Brussels and strode triumphantly to the Elbe. (Further pictures of the presentation ceremony will be found on pages 78-79 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Aggression Wins—at First.

—It must always be so, as it has always been. Aggression pays at first. The man with his hand on the trigger gets in the first shot. It may be fatal and decisive when it is man against man. It is never decisive when it is nation against nation, but the longer the duel lasts, the greater the number drawn in and the more imponderable the possible consequences. In the end, the aggressor suffers defeat, but he may pull down the pillars of Civilisation in his fall. So here in England, in the pleasant sunshine, we sit and watch or play cricket, golf and lawn tennis with a dreadful anxiety in our hearts. There is nothing we can do about it *yet*. In a week or so, it may be very different. We can do nothing but hope and pray and watch the men on the spot through a glass darkly. Soon enough we may be conscripts again, or men newly freed from a sudden nightmare. We may, however, be sure that this affair in Korea will not be just an incident forgotten. However it goes, it will affect our lives in small things and in essentials. It will be at least as much a warning as were events in 1938, and the best hope we have is that it may work out better than 1938. This battle in Korea, launched by armed design against unprepared and ill-equipped apathy, could only go one way in its first stages. Already it has drawn in half the world. If it draws in the other half, Civilisation can put up its shutters. But, if it doesn't, it won't be "business as usual" again—an ugly incident to be dismissed. It will have its effect on international relations, on humanity's hopes and fears, and on the smallest plans and projects of individuals in by-streets.

—And at Last?

—This is neither unjustifiable exaggeration nor simplification. Big and small decisions and adjustments must come of it, if it does not lead to world war. It was in the name of the United Nations that America took the responsibility and the strain, but, in fact, it was the effort of a single nation, the only Western nation which *could* act. For the United Nations can still only *talk*, recommend, politely threaten, what it has no power to implement. It is a useless agent of peace until it has the ultimate power to bring overwhelming force to bear on the spearhead of aggression. And that force must be representative of all nations of good will, must be unified under a chosen military leader, ready to march *at a moment's notice*, paid for in proportion to the contribution of each State. Unity in council, even if the United Nations possessed it, is not enough; is, indeed, nothing but danger, since it lulls anxiety and invites apathy. It is unity in instant action that alone can make the United Nations an agent of peace and security. It was the action of a single member State, taken in the name of the United Nations by Mr. Truman, that offered resistance to aggression in Korea. And it cannot be left to America, time after time, to act in U.N.'s name. What, then? There is a big reform which may, which must, come at long last out of the Korean incident. And what may not that reform mean to the lives and plans of a private individual in a by-street? It may turn his life upside-down, affect the terms of conscription and the size of the labour force, step up taxation once more and postpone a score of projects for raising the standard of living. Unless we are utterly sunk in apathy in the west, we simply cannot go on relying on words, formulæ and hope. We have now and at once to meet the will, determination and organisation of Communism with the same weapons. Otherwise, aggression will win at first *and* finally.

"Something Rotten."

—I am tired of pessimism and so are my readers. They pay for cheerfulness and optimism and the light touch (and I try to oblige with the last). But Carnival-time in England does not completely fill the columns of the day's Press and the news from the more serious fields is not very encouraging. France is still playing at Cabinet-making. I suppose there was no time in history when stable government in France was more vital. How many of these jerry-built Cabinets have they knocked up (and down) since 1945? More than a dozen, I think. You would have supposed that if ever de Gaulle's hour is to strike again, it would be striking now. To us, it seems incredible that the French nation is still too apathetic and parochial to liquidate this eternal Party ping-pong. *We* have no reason, however, to look down our noses at other nations. Our vaunted "full employment" policy continues to look like a hollow turnip, a policy of winking at unauthorised stoppages of vital work. It is mildly funny to find that our defence force is usually being put at the disposal of the Minister of Food. If, for the reasons cited, there is not something rotten in the state of France and England, then we are misinformed even by our responsible Press. And nobody can say that the news they bring us to date out of Korea invites optimism. But there are clear signs of resolution and leadership in the Far East at last and these may bring results in time. We might do worse than try a little of that resolution nearer home.

Flannels and Mud.

—When Kipling wrote that impious jingle about flannelled fools and muddied oafs, he was backing Lord Roberts' appeal to young men voluntarily to remember their obligations to country and Empire in the face of grave dangers which he saw ahead. Those dangers came . . . and remain. And Sir William Slim is carrying on old Roberts' appeal to youth. We have been in grave danger ever since 1900, and have come to regard it as normal. The flannelled and the muddied aces of to-day never knew any other condition. But the warning was ineffective. Conscripted, we have often shown that addiction to games is no handicap to military prowess. The odd thing is that world wars and acute peril, so far from sending games out of fashion, positively increase their importance at home and abroad. Our gods are still film stars, crooners, £30,000 inside-rights, 3,000-run batsmen and 66-round golfers, and what they cannot do for themselves in results, a horde of Pressmen and publicists and propagandists do for them, to preserve their god-head. Very well. Kipling was a fool; as a prophet he had to put on the fool's-cap. But he is perhaps getting his own back in "another place," as he peers at us through his clear spectacles. 1950 has been a year of acute danger and, during its passage so far, England has no reason to be ashamed (*qua* Kipling) of its records in sport. In almost every field we have been dragged through the mud in our flannels by foreign nations and young or coloured races to whom we taught the rudiments of many of our own patent national games.

Aces and Scugs.

—We taught the world the arts of cricket, football, boxing, golf, lawn tennis, rowing, and the technique of horse-racing; and to-day they invade our little island and carry away our cups, prizes, belts, trophies and cash. The prophet of 1900 in another place must be satisfied that, if a sterner game begins again with a bigger ball, our flannelled fools will get their own back. He would argue that failure at sport means success in sterner fields. For my part, I agree with the Kipling of 1900, and disagree with him. I think that for fifty years we have made ourselves ridiculous in our worship of game-players. *But* I see no possible connection between skill in games (or love of sport) and efficiency in the bigger and more serious business of life. Old "Blues" may become Premiers. Premiers have won the Derby. On the other hand, how often have I seen the scug at Eton governing a vast territory or dictating a nation's policy, and the triple Blue, still wearing the old school tie, a rather pathetic figure attending "the Fourth," Speech Day and Gaudy Day with nothing to show, to justify his fifty years of life, save those faded old colours—just an "old boy" still. In this business of games and sports, what we lack to-day is not so much success as a sense of proportion. We make gods of our games aces and perpetually denigrate our leaders in more serious fields. Perhaps if we reversed the process we should win a game or a pot or a belt or a putter.

Bombshell Among the Classics.

—An atom bomb has been exploded from the Columbia Press in the U.S.A. among the world's classics. Tired of printing these "immortal" books which "every educated person" has a duty and pleasure in reading, this impious publishing concern has carried out a Gallup poll to decide which of them are the most boring and unreadable. How often have I longed (but lacked courage) to explode that bomb. In detail, I don't quite agree with the poll, but in principle I endorse the explosion. *The Pilgrim's Progress* heads the list, followed by *Moby Dick* and the *Faerie Queen*. So far, so good. But "Bozzy's" *Johnson* is put fifth, and there I totally disagree. They may have *Pamela*, *Faust* and *Paradise Lost*, certainly *Don Quixote* and perhaps *Silas Marner*. But "Bozzy" must be excluded from their first ten unreadables. Haven't they got Dickens to provide a substitute? I am grateful for their courage. I feel to-day less like a literary pariah when I blow hot and cold over the world's best books. Indeed, it is time for a new appraisement. You cannot expect a generation which has made gods and goddesses of our bright, young, living pornographists to sit down seriously to Bunyan and Milton. Our current best-sellers will never be classics, but not all our classics can expect immortality.

"Our Money Back."

—The people (at a certain stage in their particular civilisation) always cry loudly for bread and circuses, and an effort is usually made to supply the circuses at least. Circuses are easier come by than bread. So it needed all Sir Louis Greig's tact (acquired in the service of Royalty) to appease the people who had cut their jobs and paid their shillings to gape at the tennis stars—only to enjoy a total wash-out at Wimbledon. There is nothing quite so depressing as to sit in an empty arena or pavilion and watch the rain pouring down on a green space prepared for an international ball game. Even Bloomsbury in a November fog or Liverpool Street and Clapham Junction at all times are not so deadly depressing as that. The rain came, and we who were not at Wimbledon that black Monday were very glad of it, and laughed with joy when we measured out 1½ ins. of it in a few hours of continuous downpour. It raised our spirits and revived *our* lawns. You can't please everybody all the time.

THE OLD STAGER

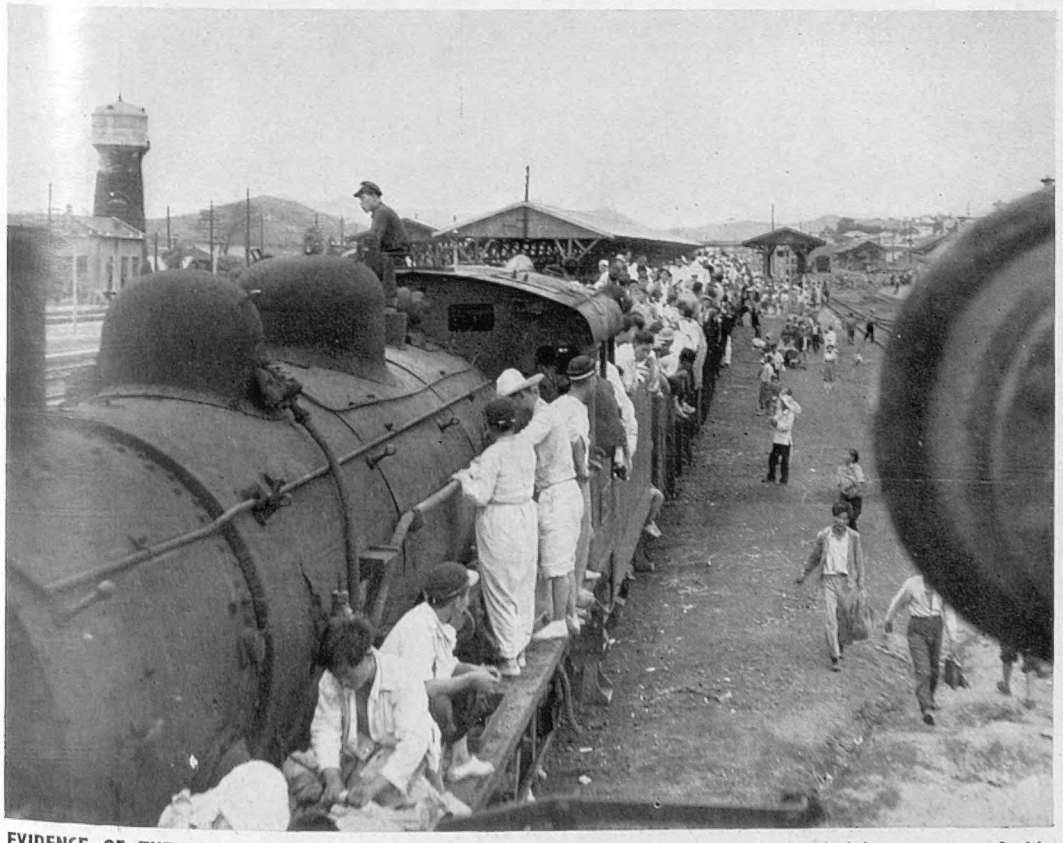
A NEW FIELD FOR CONTEMPLATION—WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, STATESMAN, AUTHOR, ARTIST AND FARMER, AND HIS POLITICAL SECOND-IN-COMMAND, ANTHONY EDEN, DEPUTY LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, SEEN TOGETHER ON MR. CHURCHILL'S ESTATE AT CHARTWELL: Mr. Churchill sits in a chair ruminating over the inevitable big cigar and wearing a sombrero. Mr. Eden, clad for Westminster and the Division Lobbies, sits on a cushion behind his leader and, as some political theorists may care to note, slightly to the left. At Chartwell, near Westerham, Mr. Churchill has three farms comprising in all about 600 acres. They are managed for him by his son-in-law, Captain Christopher Soames, M.P. for Bedford

WITH THE AMERICANS IN KOREA: ACTUALITIES FROM THE FRONT

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR PAYS A FIRST VISIT TO THE KOREAN FRONT: The American Commander, who flew from Japan in his transport plane *Bataan*, watching operations from a point of vantage south of the captured capital of Seoul. MacArthur flew in without fighter protection, making an unexpected departure from his Tokyo headquarters

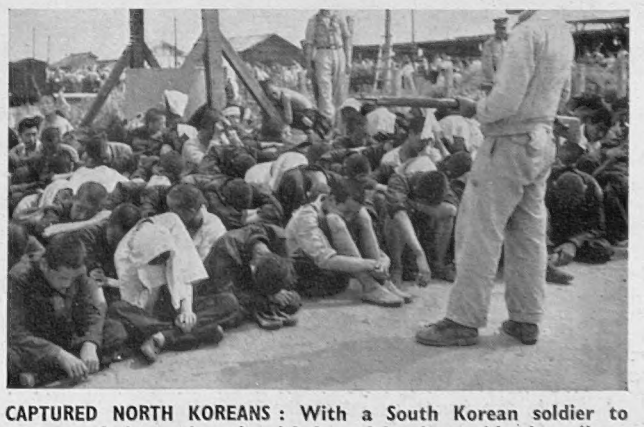
AMERICAN SOLDIERS POUR NORTHWARDS FOR THE FRONT LINE: These Americans, seen at Taejon railway station, were flown from Japan to Pusan, at the southern tip of Korea, and thence taken by train to Taejon, the town which became temporary capital after Seoul's fall

SUWON—A NAME THAT WILL EVER BE REMEMBERED IN THE ANNALS OF WAR: Refugees crowding aboard goods waggons at Suwon station when there was a panic evacuation of the town after the news had been spread that tanks were descending on the South Korean headquarters. Many American officers attached to the Korean forces were involved in this rout. A few days later Suwon did indeed fall, and its important airfield was put into commission by the North Koreans

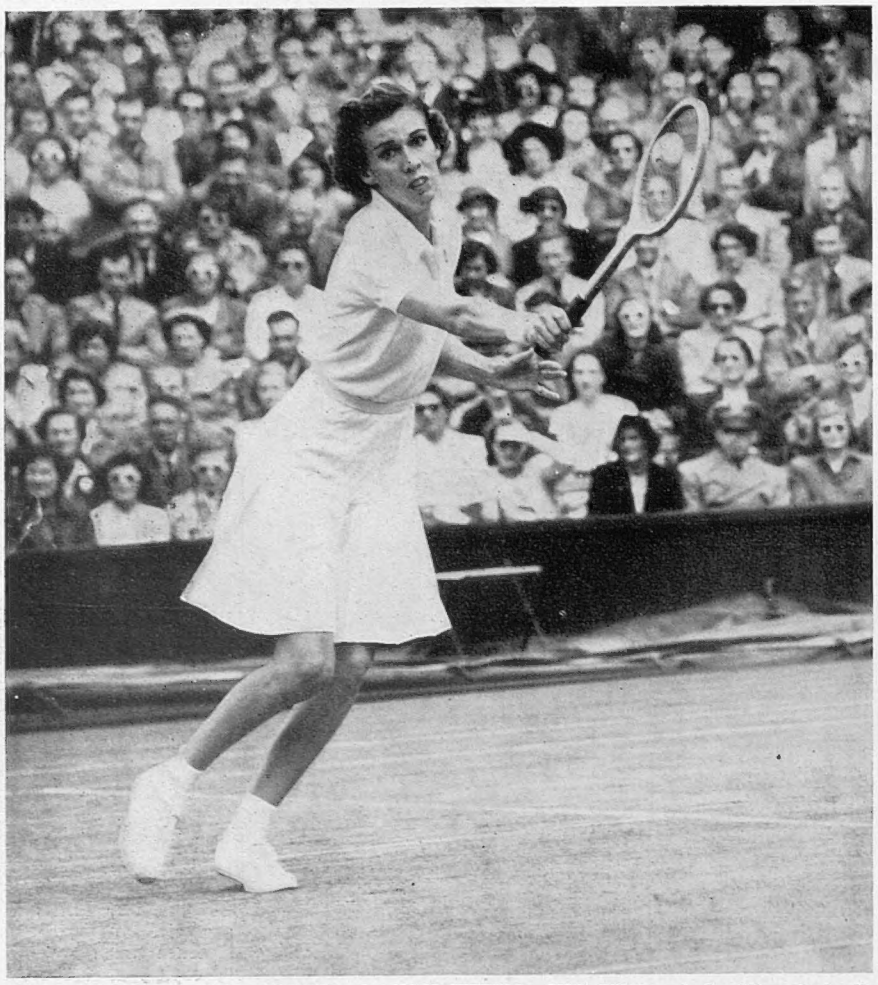


EVIDENCE OF THE PANIC AT SUWON: Refugees, who could find no place on the freight waggons of this train leaving for the south of the Korean peninsula, even crowded on to the engine. During the evacuation, mob law, or "grab law," as the Americans called it, prevailed in Suwon, and several jeeps were seized by citizens frantic at the thought of being engulfed by the approaching enemy forces

PROTECTING THE AIRFIELD AT SUWON: American anti-aircraft gunners ready for action as supplies were being ferried into Suwon before the aerodrome fell to the North Koreans



CAPTURED NORTH KOREANS: With a South Korean soldier to guard them, they sit with bowed heads outside the railway station at Suwon. They were awaiting transport to a prison camp hastily organised in the far south of Korea

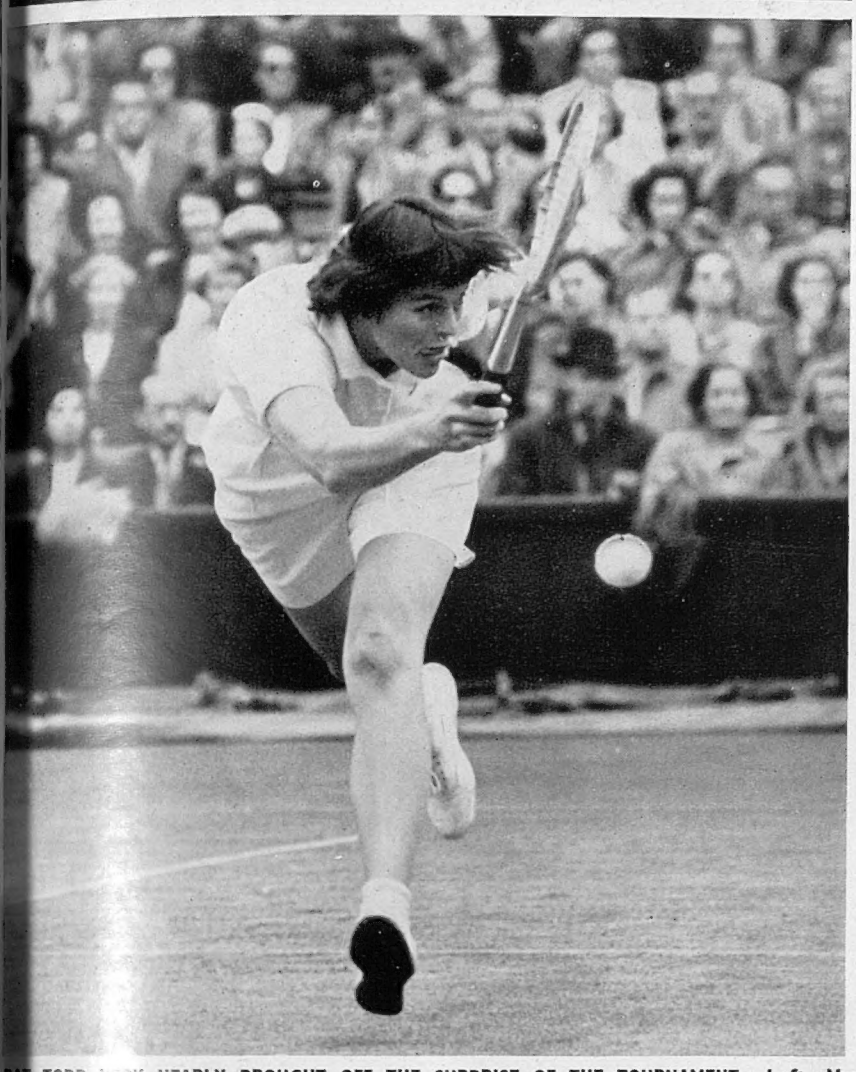


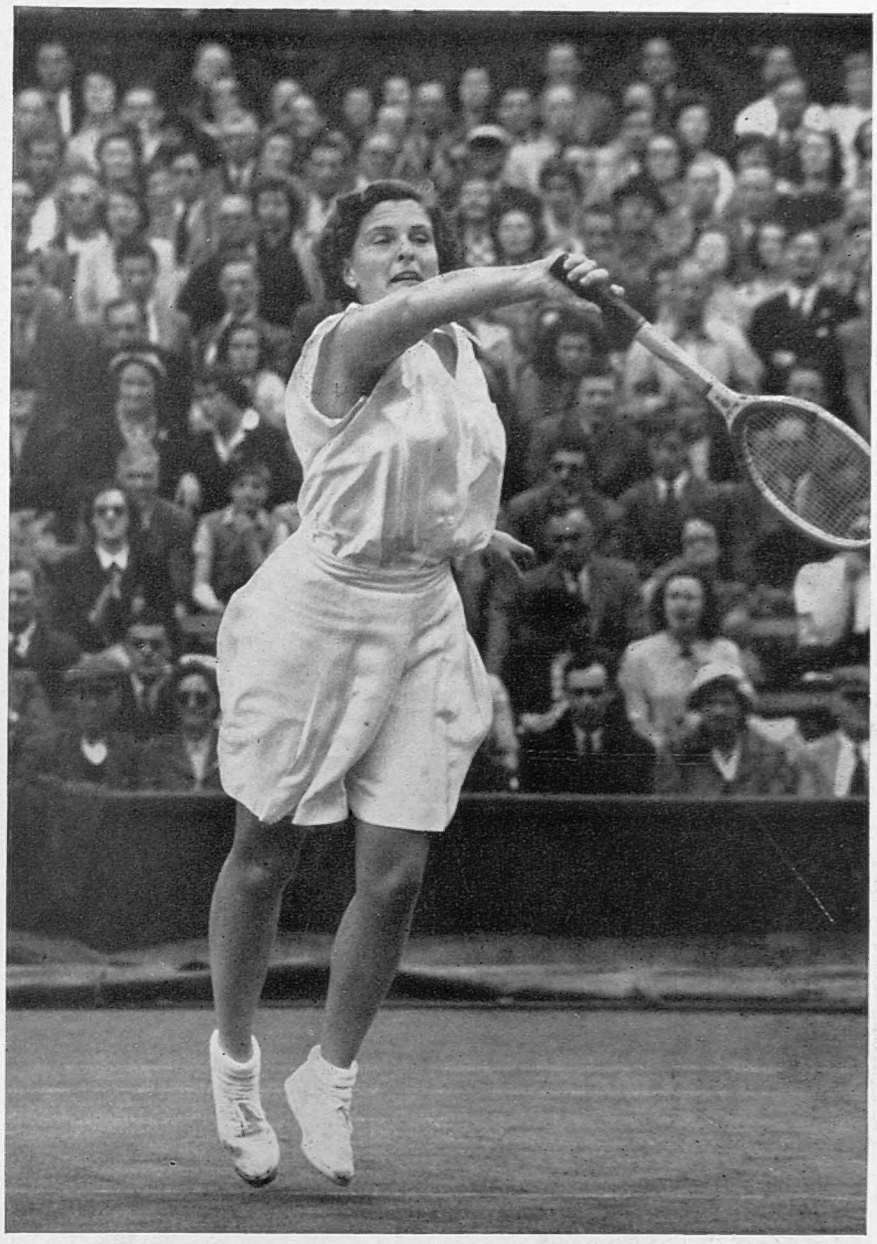
TWO AMERICANS WHO FOUGHT A HARD-HITTING SEMI-FINAL: *Left*—Miss Doris Hart, who has so often faltered in the closing stages of big tournaments, in play ag Miss Brough (*right*), who came rather shakily through to the semi-final and then gave of her best. Miss Brough, winner in 1948 and 1949, met in the Mrs. Dupont, the winner in 1947, and she beat her close friend and rival in three sets. Miss Brough is seen in this picture leaping across the court to

TWO AUSTRALIANS WHO TOOK PART IN WIMBLEDON'S MARATHON SET: Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor in play against Budge Patty and Trabert, who won m in the fourth round of the Men's Doubles. The match lasted four hours, and, indeed, nearly disrupted the plans of the Championship Committee for the final st the meeting. The second set lasted for two-and-a-half hours, and ended in victory for Patty and Trabert. During the marathon set the electric scoreboard r of numbers and could not register the games beyond 19-all. It was most unfortunate that the match should have lasted so long, as Patty and Sedgman were meet each other in the Singles final on the following day. The Doubles final last Saturday produced more drama, Bromwich and Quist gaining the title after five gruelli

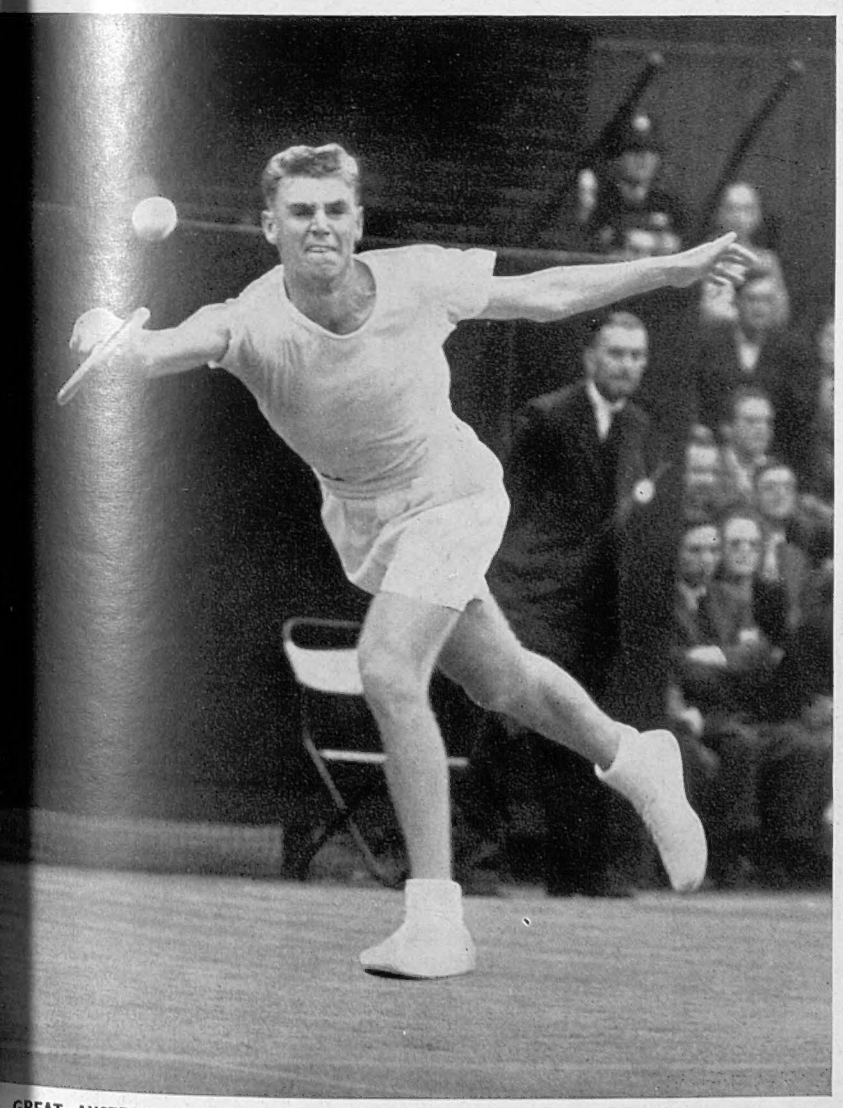
AT THE TOP AT WIMBLEDON

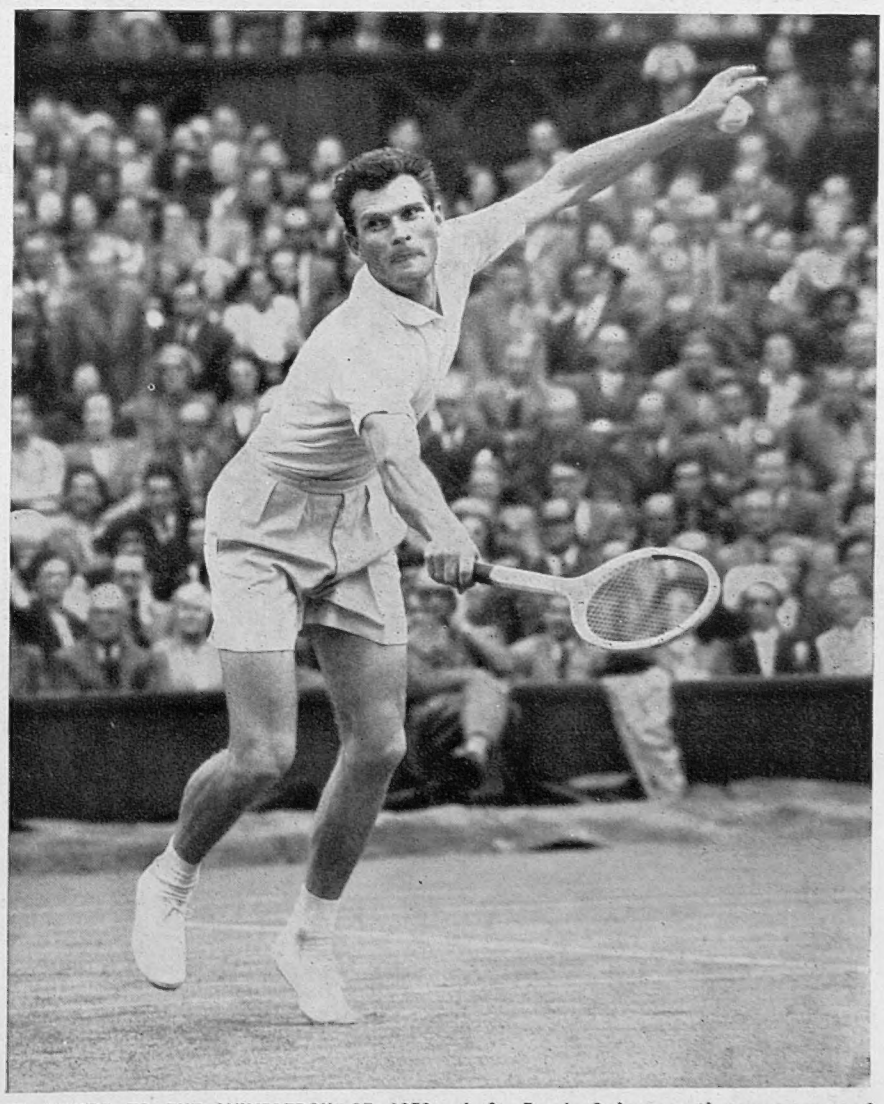
SOME OF THE GREAT PLAYERS OF THE 1950 CHAMPIONSHIPS





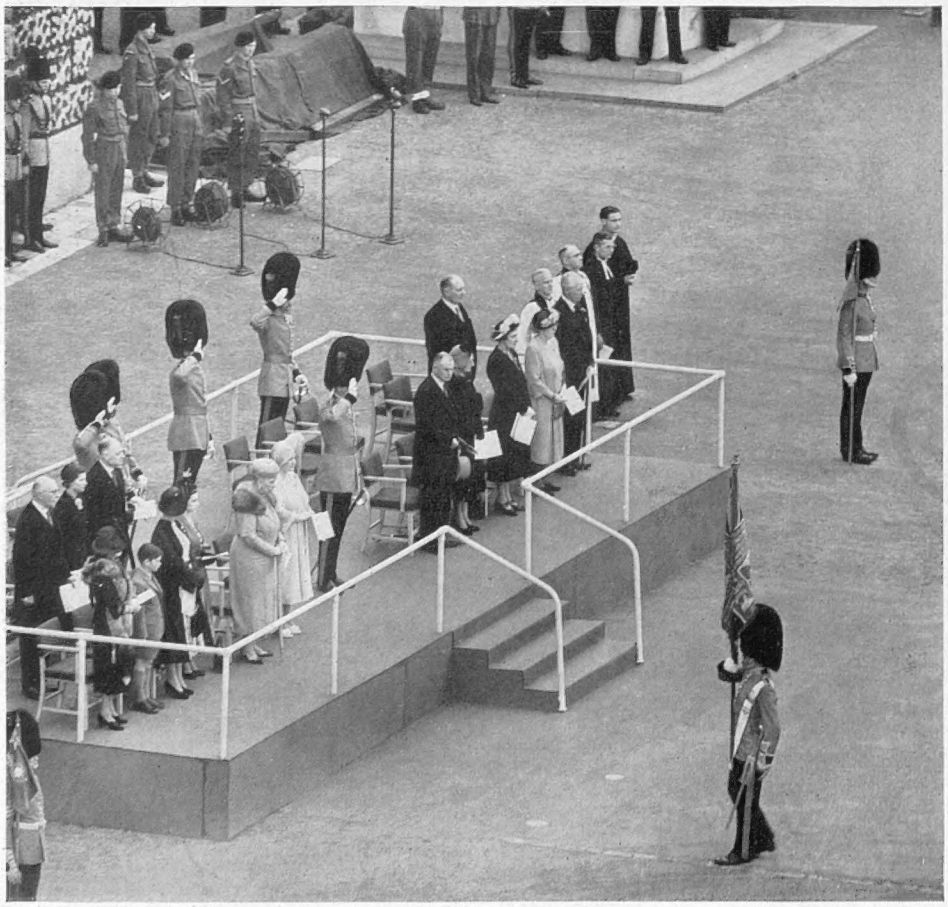
PAT TODD VERY NEARLY BROUGHT OFF THE SURPRISE OF THE TOURNAMENT: *Left*—Mrs. Todd battling against Mrs. Dupont (*right*) in the semi-final of the Women's Singles. This was a veritable needle match, with the issue in doubt right up to the last ball. Mrs. Dupont was expected to win comfortably as usual, but the dogged determination of her less fluent and versatile opponent brought her within a few points of victory. Mrs. Dupont saved the situation with deep driving, but if rain had not intervened at a vital moment the result might easily have been different. On the final day Mrs. Dupont was beaten by Miss Brough, the score being 6—1, 3—6, 6—1





GREAT AUSTRALIAN AND A GREAT AMERICAN EXPONENT OF LAWN TENNIS WHO ADDED LUSTRE TO THE WIMBLEDON OF 1950: *Left*—Frank Sedgman, the conqueror of Drobny in the semi-final, and Budge Patty, the conqueror of Seixas in the semi-final and of Sedgman in the final. Patty, who won the French Championship earlier in the year, maintained his considerable all-round improvement. Sedgman went from strength to strength as the tournament progressed. He has been hailed as the best match-player from Australia since the days of Crawford, and it is quite obvious that this young and virile Australian has a great future before him

THE COLOURS ARE MARCHED IN SLOW TIME TO THEIR PLACE IN THE CENTRE OF THE LINE: This is an overhead view of the gathering on Horse Guards Parade, showing men of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards drawn up for the arrival of the King, who presented new Colours to mark the tercentenary of the Regiment founded at Coldstream in 1650. In the foreground are old comrades of the Coldstream Guards. The two depot companies, at the rear of the parade, wore khaki



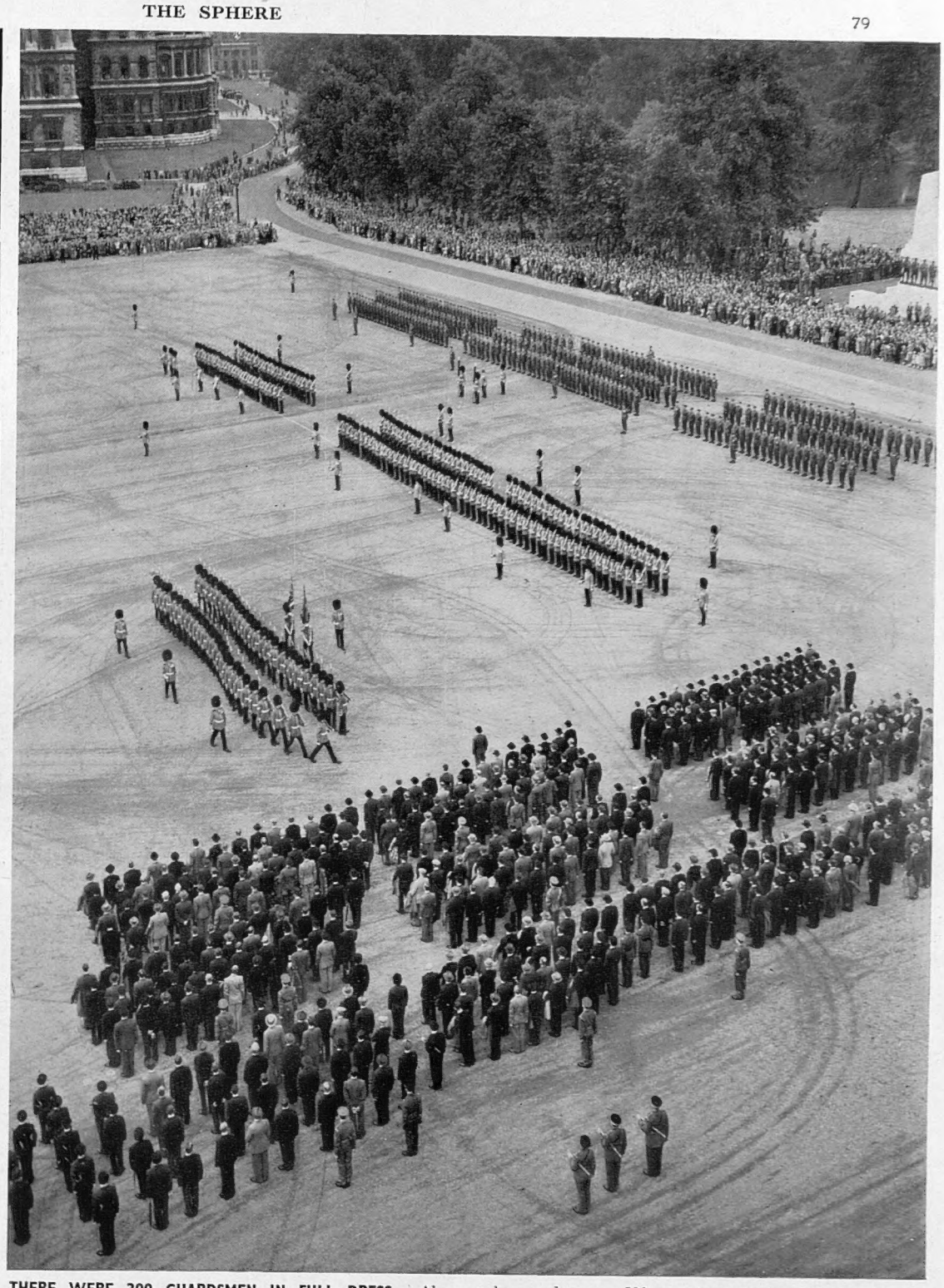
THE KING SALUTES THE NEW COLOURS FROM THE ROYAL DAIS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: On His Majesty's right hand were the Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and Prince Michael. The Earl of Athlone is seen just behind Prince Michael. The King was in the full dress of Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards

THE KING INSPECTS OLD COMRADES OF THE REGIMENT: His Majesty p... along the line of bemedalled men, many in bowler-hats and ca... mackintoshes. Later, in addressing the 3rd Battalion and all pr... he declared: "The old comrades who are on parade remind u... your regiment's distinguished share in the ordeal of two world w...

THE KING WITH THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE REGIMENT ON ITS 300th ANNIVERSARY

THE KING INSPECTING THE 3RD BATTALION : His Majesty passing along the ranks of the Coldstreams. In his speech the King referred to the absence of the sister-battalions in Malaya and Tripoli, and commented the 3rd Battalion on turn-out and drill



THERE WERE 300 GUARDSMEN IN FULL DRESS : Also on the parade were 500 members of the Old Coldstreams' Association, the members of the two depot companies in khaki, and also a detachment from the No. 1 (Guards) Parachute Company. Quite a number of the men on parade were National Servicemen. When this picture was taken the Colours were in process of being marched to the centre of the line

THE KING HANDS OVER ONE OF THE COLOURS TO A KNEELING COLOUR-BEARER : As the officer rose with the emblem, the King saluted. The new King's Colour and the Regimental Colour were both seen on the tercentenary parade

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ARRIVE ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON A MORNING OF PAGEANTRY : The Queen and Queen Mary, Princess Margaret and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone escorted to the dais from which they watched the presentation of the new colours. Princess Elizabeth, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, watched the parade from a window of the Horse Guards Arch

WHAT IT TAKES TO STAY FRENCH PREMIER

An Essay on Political Tight-rope Walking

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"AS long as it is possible within the constitutional limits, I will stay on and not let go." There is nothing if not something clinging about such words spoken by M. Bidault, as Prime Minister, before the American Club in Paris earlier this year. He stayed on exactly four months after uttering them.

Much of the time it was literally staying on from day to day, or at best week to week. M. Bidault had to balance himself continuously on a tight-rope not always held taut and occasionally even agitated a little by coalescing Socialists whose one care was not to lose working-class and lower-grade Civil Servant votes to the Communists, and by Radicals (Liberals) demanding electoral reform.

M. Bidault actually fell over a sum of £400,000—when France's Budget expenditure approximates to £2,300,000,000! But he had said he would not tolerate any salary or wage increases once the Budget had been passed, unless corresponding revenues were provided.

The coming and going of French Premiers is an old story, and I 'm afraid no improvement has come through the constitutional amendments passed by the Fourth Republic in order to get away from the processional departures from office of Premiers of the Third.

"The trouble with the British is that they can't get rid of their Premiers while the French do it all too easily" is no meaningless crack. While Mr. Attlee has been casting fresh lustre on his office, I count eight of his opposites in France: De Gaulle, Gouin, Ramadier, Bidault, Schuman, Marie, Queuille, Moch. Some of them have been Premier more than once; nor may this be the lot (? Reynaud), although Moch was Premier in name only.

I see one of Britain's Press oracles bemoaning that the post-war world does not seem to have thrown up any leaders in France. But where has it done so? And, for that matter, if De Gaulle is not a leader, who is? Aneurin Bevan? The gentleman once blustered at me for quite a while that De Gaulle was *a nobody*. Well, the nobody announces the millionth party member.

Of course, the trouble with De Gaulle is that he is too much of a leader, that the French think he might stay on and on and on. Also, he is most difficult to like, to get close to. His diagnosis—strengthening the executive at the expense of Parliamentary disarray—is right. But his remedy—himself—is wrong. That 's how non-extremist French people feel.

Of the others to come forward since 1945 one got mixed up in a wine scandal, a second in tax laxity towards former collaborationists, a third in the "Case of the Generals." That brings us down to four—or to five, if Reynaud has held the Premiership since the Liberation; anyway, he 's the most sheerly intelligent of them all.

M. Schuman is unquestionably a find, if only because he is able to "talk turkey" to the Germans in their own language. But we 'll be wiser about his place in mid-twentieth-century history, come the autumn. Moch would be the strong-arm Socialist out after the Commies. Queuille, the country doctor with a mild prescription, will remain a possible as long as his heart lasts. And Bidault, too, is likely to come back.

And that brings me to an aspect seldom broached in the course of discussions on the *va-et-vient* of French Premiers—the qualities and characteristics required for holding down the job, or, in the language of the day, what it takes to remain Prime Minister in Paris.

Or perhaps one should start with what it takes to *become* Premier in France. Someone who should know all about it has been speaking, and this is his recipe for the access to power:

A highly-developed sense of compromise is essential. Without it, you won't be able to collect about you enough of the collaborators you want. Secondly, if you have omitted to develop friendships in the right places, you won't get very far. Next, a clever wife will greatly improve your chances. And fourthly, you must be a master of the sibylline phrase, be able to switch on the seer and prophet talk when indicated.

M. Bidault's gnawing difficulty has been personal unpopularity due largely to neglect of the above, or disinclination to practise them. A young journalising professor in 1939, whose editorials in *Dawn* were attracting notice, he soared into the Resistance leadership inside France and made his bow to the French people after the Liberation, as a hero, first class.

Can it be that his aloofness and uncommunicativeness, not to say his integrity and refusal to put more tics in politics than there are already, are in part the result of the uprightness, secretiveness and self-suppression he had to practise as head of the Resistance?

Anyway, while falling in and out of his Premierships, this dapper, good-looking, small-sized, very smartly-dressed Parisian had the good sense to marry a clever wife, his secretary, *née* Simone Borel, since when the concensus is that he has gained in tact and resolution. Previously his hobbies had been roses and stamps.

Now let us see what it takes to remain French Premier.

First of all, though, about that word *remain* lest there be ideas of any French Premiers competing with Mr. Attlee's sixth year. The country doctor has lasted longest under the Fourth Republic, about a year, until Cripps's dictatorial devaluation temporarily threw French Government finances into disorder. The longest-lasting Premier under the Third Republic had been Waldeck-Rousseau, two years and eleven months, at the turn of the century.

Well, qualification number one is of the body. A French Premier has to lead the deuce of a round in the cockpit of hectic Paris. He has to see dozens of people daily, and if that doesn't take it out of him, public functions do, the national penchant for these. Herriot is cited as the one who met full physical requirements. He had the health of an ox. In one year, while Premier *and* Mayor of Lyons, he spent 172 nights in sleeping-cars. "Le Roi du Sleeping" they used to call the massive, bear-like figure so honoured and liked to this day. A trencherman, a *bon vivant* who lasted the course, even in and out of a Berlin clinic-prison.

If he is to last, a French Premier requires to have personality, and in this respect the late Lord Curzon comes into Frenchmen's minds. They didn't hold with him, but, oh, what personality the man had! Draped with it, it fell from him in folds.

Our man should also have a good deal of the diplomat about him. This is most necessary when he has several ex-Premiers in his Cabinet. This may be called "a Ministry of all the Talents," and a very different customer who, nevertheless, is included among the four top stayers. Combes rode in on the violent wave of anti-clericalism at the beginning of the century and lasted the now-unheard-of time of two years and seven months. What did Combes have? A narrow, provincial doctor, he was known as "*le petit père*." He doesn't seem to have been much more than a faithful reflection of bitter anti-clerical times.

Fitting to conclude with Clémenceau, who tops them all from the historical standpoint. Clémenceau was over sixty before he reached the top. His manifold enemies, mostly of his own creation, saw to that. He lasted for two years and nine months, and what he learnt during his Premiership he promptly put into action when he returned to that post in 1917.

French people like to see a parallel between Georges Clémenceau and Winston Churchill. The former reported the American Civil War as a young man; the latter the Cuban war. Clémenceau married an American woman; Mr. Churchill's mother was American born. Each blossomed into a writer of the most forceful kind. Each led his country to a famous victory.

And one may add: each was the living symbol of action in old age.

whenever I see one coming, I feel it is not going to last very long.

Patience. That 's another prerequisite, and the country doctor is held up over them all—right back to the beginning of the century.

The lasting French Premier must be rugged, maintain his keenness, have suavity and—oh, yes—be an actor. He has to be a bit of the actor if he 's to appeal successfully "to sixteen parties at one time." He has to know the tricks for keeping cool, maintaining outward calm and sangfroid.

Next, he should have a hobby. Briand used to read thrillers. When he tried golf, we know what happened. Waldeck-Rousseau went fishing. Herriot wrote—wrote himself into the Academy. Others minded their estates. But all too few French Premiers have absented themselves in the mind from the eternal political game. Poincaré took it to bed. Only one, so far as I am aware, ever got as far as a hobby such as mountaineering. But that 's as far as he got—Chautemps.

Finally, a French Premier should always be ready to leave if he would improve his chances of staying in office. M. Bidault has practised this readiness to go, and not without success, but his trackers have had to be convinced of his sincerity.

I mentioned Raymond Poincaré. Looking back over the past fifty years, he had more of French rule than any other—thirteen years, nearly six as Premier and seven as President. His Premiership spells were for one year; two years and two months; two months; and two years and three months. So you see how it goes even with the most puissant of them. Puissant? Well, respected. That 's how they remember the little lawyer of Lorraine, right in big things but in the wrong way. "The most respected and the least popular" of the long line of French Premiers of this century.

Devoid of the slightest magnetism, this complete provincial bourgeois had few friends. He would "drone away from his pocket-book," as Clémenceau used to say. "The Tiger" also said of his *bête noir* that he had "the soul of a rabbit in the skin of a drum." He assuredly had the clammiest, pull-away, dead hand ever I shook. That hand spoke the man—precise, self-bound, withdrawn.

Waldeck-Rousseau is still looked upon as the greatest success as Prime Minister that the Third or the Fourth Republic has had. And he goes back to 1899 when he saved the regime at the height of the Dreyfus case. The enemy to it then was reaction inspired by clericalism, and to attain his end Waldeck-Rousseau did not forbear to call upon General Galliffet, of grim notoriety in the 1870 Commune, of whom his enemies could say without risk of contradiction, "His sword is red to the hilt with Republican blood."

A consummate Parliamentarian, a marvel of intellectual lucidity, Waldeck-Rousseau goes down as the best Premier either French Republic has had.

He was succeeded by

BRIEF RETURN OF M. QUEUILLE—THE MAN WHO HEADED THE LONGEST-LIVED OF ALL THE GOVERNMENTS IN THE FOURTH REPUBLIC CAME BACK IN JULY AT THE HEAD OF A NEW COALITION, WHICH PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE SHORTEST-LIVED; LASTING ONLY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS BEFORE DEFEAT IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: President Auriol (fourth from right in centre) seen with M. Queuille on his right hand and M. Bidault, the former Premier, on his left. Standing next to M. Bidault, who took the Vice-Premiership, are M. Robert Schuman, Foreign Affairs, and M. Rene Mayer, Minister of Justice. Standing next to M. Queuille are Paul Reynaud, another former Premier, and Paul Giacobbi, Minister of State for Civil Servants. Probably because of the news from Korea, the parties of the Centre, sometimes known as the "third force" Parliamentary majority, were shocked into agreement, and this despite the fact that the Socialists refused to co-operate in the new Government. M. Reynaud, the former Premier, who has so often been in opposition of late, came back to office charged with dealing with the problems of Indo-China. Most surprising appointment was that of M. Paul Giacobbi, Minister of State for Civil Servants, who, although labelled as a Radical, belongs to the Gaullist group in the Assembly. The general impression was that the new Premier, despite his remarkable talents for conciliation, had a difficult team to hold together and a difficult time ahead, and so it proved

THE KING'S BODYGUARD OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD MARCH PAST THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Beefeaters in the colourful parade before the west front of the Palace. This was the first Royal inspection of the Bodyguard, the oldest regular military corps in the world, since the King's inspection held during 1939. The ceremony took place on the Palace lawns

OLDEST MILITARY CORPS IN THE WORLD

The King Inspects the Yeomen of the Bodyguard

Lord Lucan, the Captain of the Yeomen, gave the order "Royal Salute" when the King, in naval uniform, came out from the Bow Room of Buckingham Palace to inspect the Corps. The white-gloved hands of the Yeomen went up on the staffs of their partisans in the ancient salute of the Corps, and at the same time the band of the Irish Guards began the National Anthem. After the inspection, when the King had returned to the foot of the steps, Lord Lucan ordered: "King's Bodyguard—hats off. Three cheers for his Majesty the King." At the end of the ceremony the Yeomen marched past

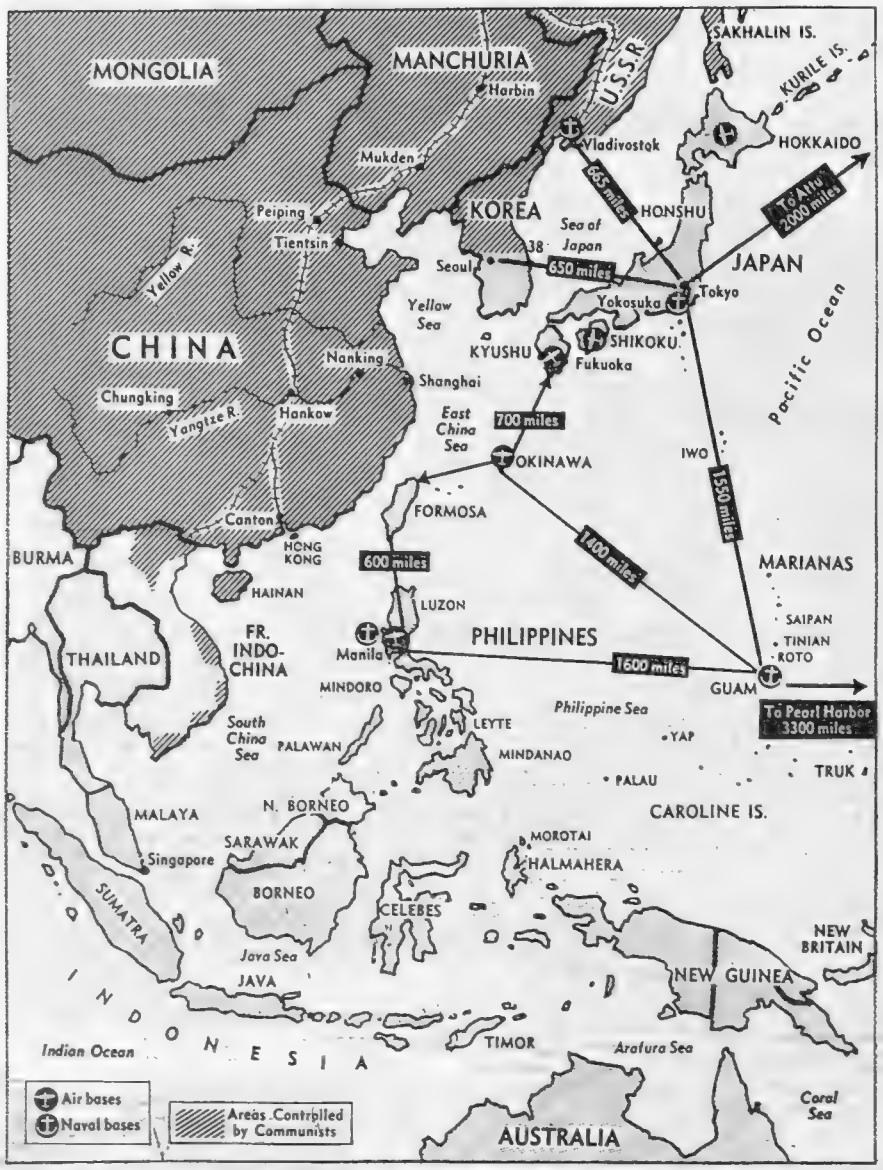
THE KING PASSES DOWN THE LINE OF YEOMEN: His Majesty on the lawns of Buckingham Palace during his inspection of the King's Bodyguard. Walking just behind his Majesty is Colonel the Earl of Lucan. After the inspection Lord Lucan ordered "King's Bodyguard—hats off!"

THE KING TAKES THE SALUTE: His Majesty on the steps of the west front of Buckingham Palace during the march-past of the Bodyguard

THE PIPERS AND BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS LEAD THE BEEFEATERS ON PARADE: The Bodyguard on the lawns of Buckingham Palace where the King inspected the men and talked personally with many

KOREA: THE FIRST DAYS OF BATTLE

A Trial of Strength on Mr. Truman's "Red Quarantine" Line



THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE TURNED UPON THE PACIFIC AS AMERICA, ACTING IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED NATIONS, RUSHES AID TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH KOREA: Strange Pacific island names that became familiar symbols of battle in the Second World War—Iwojima, Okinawa, Leyte, Guam—once again appear in the news. This sketch-map shows some of the immense distances involved in operating naval, air and army forces against the Asian mainland. It is 650 miles from Tokyo to Seoul, and it was across the waters of the Sea of Japan that General MacArthur flew in his plane, *Bataan*, to find out for himself how matters were developing in South Korea. It was what he saw then that decided him to commit American infantry and artillery to the battle, realising that the South Koreans could not hold out for long

THEY CALL IT TRUMAN'S "RED QUARANTINE" LINE: The dark black line round the shaded area on this map stretching on the east from the Bering Straits to Indo-China and reaching on the west to Berlin, represents the new line of demarcation the Americans have set up, regarding it as the frontier of Communism

"Mr. President, everybody is asking in this country are we or are we not at war?" said a reporter at Mr. Truman's first Press conference after the news of America's intervention in Korea. He received the emphatic answer, "We are not at war." There were some, however, who criticised the manner in which the Presidential statement of June 27 was issued to the world, pointing out that it should have been in two parts, one emphasising the multilateral nature of intervention in Korea, where action was being carried out under the ægis of the United Nations, and the other emphasising the unilateral nature of the proposed activities in Formosa, the Philippines and the area of Indo-China. Apart from this, the President has overwhelming support both in America and among the majority of member nations of U.N. Of the 1,200 letters and telegrams which arrived at the White House after the news of intervention in Korea, only one in ten was in any way critical of America's action.

AN AMERICAN BASE OF OPERATIONS FROM WHICH REINFORCEMENTS ARE BEING FLOWN TO SOUTH KOREA: Huge C 54 troop-carrier planes doubled up, two in a berth, on Kadina Airport, Okinawa. The island of Okinawa, lying 700 miles from the Japanese mainland and over 1,000 miles from South Korea, is approximately 65 miles long from north to south and averages about 10 miles in width. It was a Prefecture of the Japanese Empire until captured by the Americans in the Second World War. With the capture of Iwojima on March 26, 1945, Okinawa remained as the final stepping-stone in the attack on Japan. To resist the Allies the Japanese garrisoned Okinawa with 60,000 troops. Caves were turned into strong-points, warships and aircraft assembled, while piloted flying-bombs, suicide swimmers and boatmen, and mortars throwing 1,000-lb. projectiles were used for the first time. On Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945, the U.S. Tenth Army, commanded by General Buckner, went ashore at Okinawa. The campaign, stubbornly fought to the end, cost the Americans 47,000 casualties

THE PORT OF PUSAN, SOUTH KOREA, WHERE THE FIRST AMERICAN TROOPS WERE LANDED AFTER GENERAL MacARTHUR DECIDED TO SEND LAND FORCES TO THE KOREAN FRONT: Last week the 24th Infantry Division was flown to Pusan, and then rushed by train to the front. The rainy season in Korea, which will last two months, has begun, and troops travelling by air to Pusan had a foretaste of the conditions they would encounter

***On right*—PUSAN, THE AMERICAN PORT OF ENTRY:** It stands at Korea's southern tip and is linked by rail with Taegu, Taejon and Suwan. The link with Seoul was cut a few hours after the fall of the capital city when the South Koreans fell back to the Han River line

ACTIVITY AT ITAZUKO BASE, JAPAN : Ground crews arming and refuelling an F 80 Shooting Star of the 9th Fighter Squadron in readiness for a combat mission over the Korean battle-field. In the first days of the campaign the Shooting Stars flew as cover for bombers and conducted strafing missions. With the American decision to send land forces, they were switched to providing cover for the massive troop transports which flew from Japan to Pusan, at the southern tip of Korea. Within a few hours of intervention, Shooting Stars and Mustangs were in action against Yak aircraft of the North Korean Air Force, and there were some hectic exchanges

SOUTH KOREAN REFUGEES ARRIVE BY TRANSPORT PLANE IN JAPAN : Evacuees seen at Itazuko air base after flying from South Korea in army transport planes. Carrying their few possessions, this group was taken to a special centre set up to look after their welfare while in Japan. Among the first to be evacuated were the members of the United Nations Commission in Korea, but they were asked a few hours later by officials at Lake Success to return as soon as possible to Korea and make contact with President Rhee's Government. About 563 refugees were ferried out of Seoul by American transports and General MacArthur provided fighter cover for the journey from the moment of leaving Kimpo Airfield, Seoul, to the moment of arrival at Itazuko. Some evacuees left by ship, the S.S. *Pioneer Dale* taking about 100 of them

KIMPO AIRFIELD, THE AIRPORT OF SEOUL, WHICH FELL INTO COMMUNIST HANDS SHORTLY AFTER THE CAPTURE OF SEOUL, WAS TEMPORARILY RECAPTURED BY THE SOUTH KOREANS AND THEN FELL AGAIN INTO ENEMY HANDS : From Kimpo American transports brought out 563 refugees by taking them to Itazuko, Japan. Kimpo survived a little longer than Seoul, thus enabling many refugees from the capital to make a getaway. It was repeatedly strafed by Yak aircraft, and eventually fell into North Korean hands when a squadron of tanks appeared on the scene

NORTH KOREAN GUERILLAS CAPTURED ON THE 38TH PARALLEL : These women, who were said to be aiding the Northern forces, were captured a few days before the invasion began and marched into custody by South Korean troops. One of the women was carrying a baby. As in Greece many women are serving in the field

A RUSSIAN REACTION TO THE KOREAN STRUGGLE—FACTORY WORKERS ARE MOBILISED TO CONDEMN "THE AMERICAN WARMONGERS" FOR THEIR ACT OF AGGRESSION AGAINST THE NORTHERN REPUBLIC : *Left*—Mr. E. Sokolov, a leading technician in a Soviet factory in Moscow, addressing operatives in a machine-tool factory when a resolution was adopted condemning "the insolent armed intervention by the United States imperialists in Korea—a sally by the warmongers against all peace-loving peoples and an attempt to drown freedom and civilisation in blood." *Right*—A metal-worker at a Leningrad factory signing the petition of the World Congress of Supporters of Peace. The petition calls for the banning of atomic weapons, and the withdrawal of the United States armed forces from Korea. The Soviet outlook on the whole struggle became clearer last week when the Soviet Government handed to the United States Ambassador in Moscow a reply to the American statement on Korea. The note, the text of which was released throughout the Russian provinces, declared that events in Korea had been provoked by an attack of South Korean troops on the border areas of North Korea. Over the radio in China and in the satellite countries of Europe Russia is constantly reiterating reports of American aggression in Korea

KOREA DOMINATES THE FOREIGN NEWS

ASPECTS OF AMERICAN PREPAREDNESS AND OTHER PICTURES FROM ABROAD

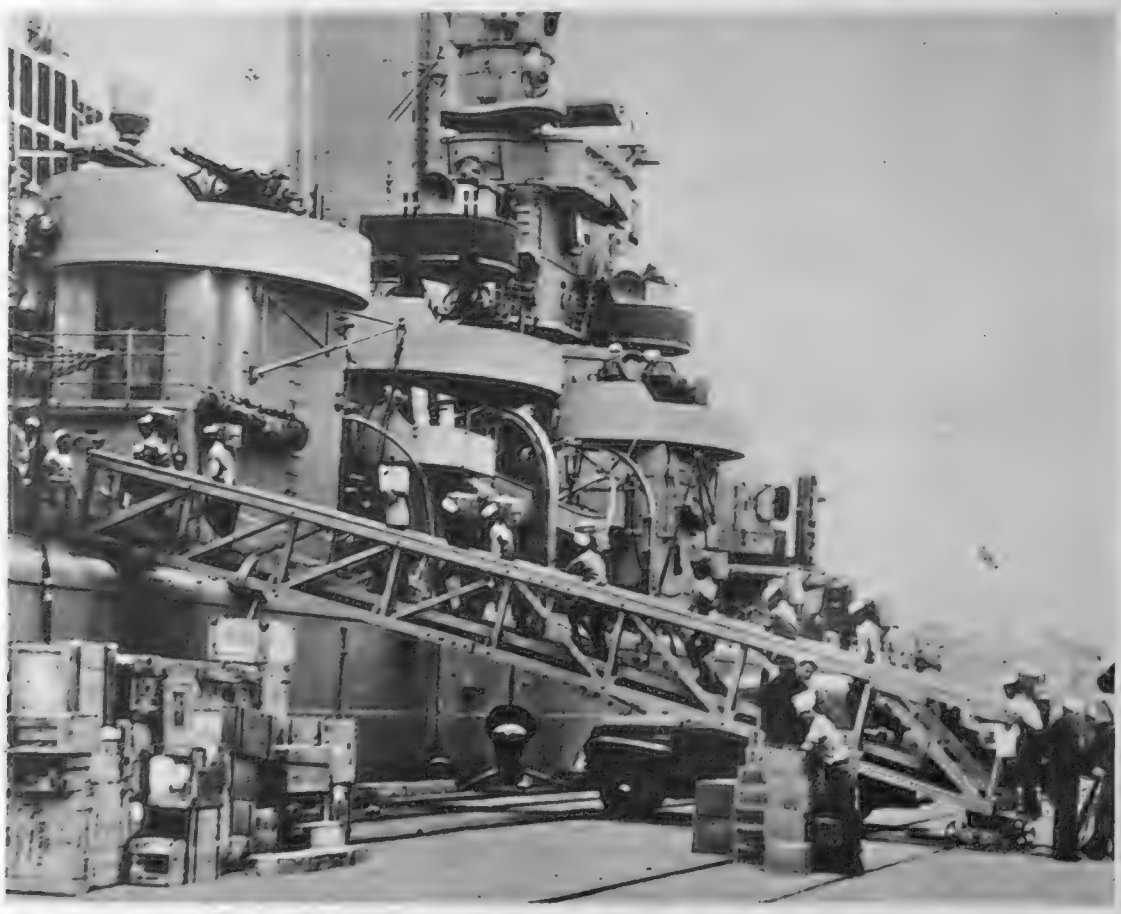
PROBABLY MORE POWER IS GATHERED HERE THAN IN THE ENTIRE RUSSIAN NAVY: This is an aerial view of the naval dockyard at Bayonne, New Jersey, where part of America's "mothball fleet" lies immobilised. One battleship and eight aircraft-carriers are included in this fleet, while several cruisers, destroyers and small vessels are also on view. The United States Navy has even more ships immobilised on the west coast of San Diego, all of which could be brought into action at fairly short notice. Of American battleships, only the *Missouri*—the "Mighty Mo"—has remained in commission, and this has been due in large measure to the new policy of concentrating on carriers, now regarded as the spearhead of the fleet. The three largest U.S. carriers displace 45,100 tons. These belong to the powerful Midway class, which has accommodation for 137 aircraft, including large bombers of the latest type

JOHN PEET BEGINS A LECTURE TOUR EAST OF THE IRON CURTA

The former British correspondent in Berlin, who sought asy in East Germany as he had grown weary of being "a tool of the w mongers of the West," addressing workers at the Oberspree Ca Factory, East Berlin, where he had an audience of 4,500. H declared: "The United States is making American colonies ou Britain and West Germany. There are thousands of British fig who are determined to fight the Anglo-American warmonge

THE FINNISH PRIME MINISTER PAYS A VISIT TO MOSCO

Mr. Urho Kekkonen (left) inspecting a guard of hon ur at Lenin railway station. Among those who greeted the Premier w Mr. A. Mikoyan (right centre), Deputy Chairman of the Counc Ministers of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and M Gromyko (right, bareheaded), Deputy Minister of Foreign A



THE STRUGGLE IN KOREA ALERTS EVERY SECTION OF THE AMERICAN NAVY ON THE ACTIVE LIST: Here members of the crew of the heavy cruiser *Toledo* are seen carrying cases of food aboard the vessel at Long Beach, California, as they prepared to sail for Pearl Harbour, there to await orders for duty in the Pacific. The *Toledo* had only just returned to port after an eight-months tour of duty with the United States Seventh Fleet, but no time was lost in preparing her for sea again. The *Toledo* is of 13,100 tons and has a main armament of nine 8-in. guns. One of her thirteen sister-ships, the *Helena*, is also outward bound for Pearl Harbour

MEMBERS OF THE "UNFRIENDLY TEN," HANDCUFFED TOGET WALK TO GAOL: Albert Maltz and Ring Lardner, Jnr., lowed by Lester Cole and Herbert Biberman, as they the U.S. Marshal's office at Washington en route to where they will serve sentences of a year each. "unfriendly ten" are all Hollywood writers who have been bl as Communists. Their convictions have grown out of their r refusal to answer questions before the Un-American Act Committee. They were later charged with contempt of Co

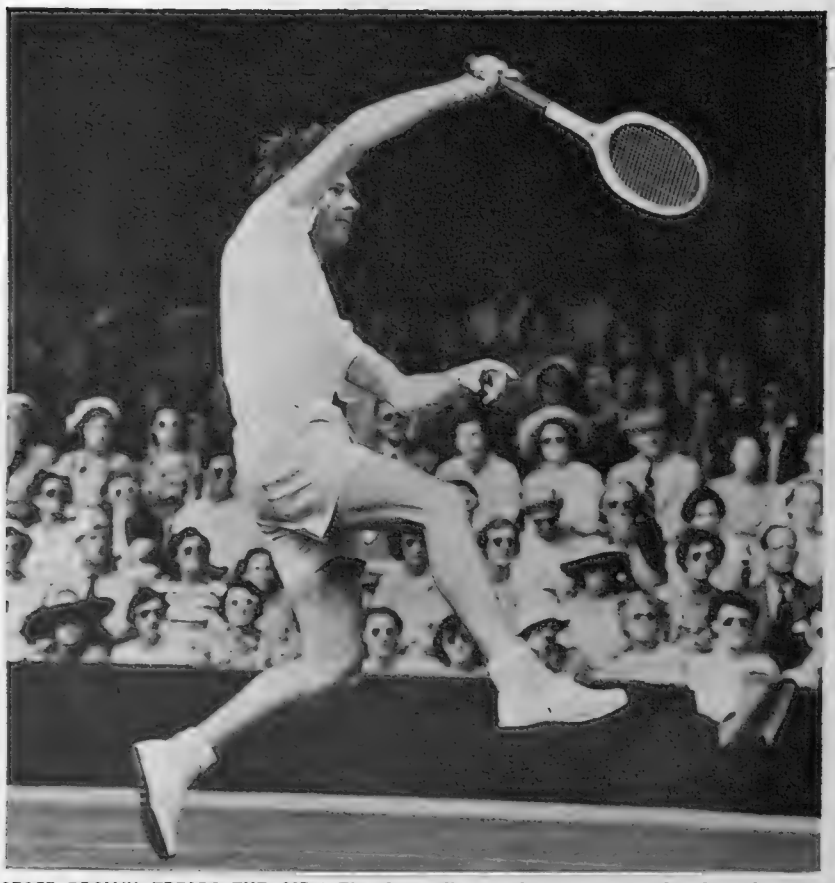
PAGEANTRY IN THE STREETS OF LANDSHUT: Gaily-caparisoned horses drawing the wedding carriage through the picturesque town of Lower Bavaria during the celebration of the Landshuter Hochzeit, which is held every summer in memory of the marriage of Duke Georg with the Polish Princess Hedwig, in 1475. The wedding is believed to have been the most lavish in the history of Bavaria. The festival is now revived after a twelve-year break occasioned by the war. Landshut, which stands on the River Isar, 40 miles north-east of Munich, was between 1255 and 1503 the residence of the Dukes of Bavaria. In modern times it has become the educational centre of Lower Bavaria. In the monastery of Landshut there are the tombs of forty-five members of the Wittelsbach dynasty. The picturesque gallet houses of the town added much to the medieval atmosphere of the pageant

A DRUMMER HERALDS THE OPENING OF THE PAGEANT AT LANDSHUT: The start of the festivities being proclaimed in the streets of the ancient Bavarian town

THE C.-IN-C. PAYS A CALL AT HAIFA: Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C. of the Mediterranean Fleet, passing a guard of honour after his flagship, H.M.S. *Surprise*, had put in on a two-day courtesy visit to the Government of Israel. Admiral Edelsten, who took up his duties in May, is visiting all the Eastern Mediterranean countries at the start of his tour of duty. This former Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff served in the Grand Fleet in the First World War, and in the Second World War one of his early tasks was as Chief of Staff to Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham

CURVES IN THE SKY: Mr. W. P. Custer, of Hagerstown, Maryland, waving from his oddly-designed aircraft at the Allegheny Airport. He calls the design the Custer Channell Wing, and believes that it may revolutionise the aviation industry. Mr. Custer's son is carrying out the flying tests

A MINOR TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: Two boats, the *Carrie* and the *Two Cousins*, standing by 4½ miles off Long Beach, New York, as the motor and sailing-boat *Curlew* (on right of picture) was about to founder. The *Carrie* took off the *Curlew's* crew, and within an hour of the rescue call being answered the *Curlew* had sunk beneath the waves. *On right*—The *Curlew* disappearing while the rescue craft stand by. These pictures were taken from an American Coast Guard helicopter, which hovered over the scene, ready to render aid if needed



GEOFF BROWN TREADS THE AIR: The Australian makes a spectacular leap in play on Court No. 1. Like several of his compatriots, he made an early exit from the championships, falling to that brilliant South African, Eric Sturgess

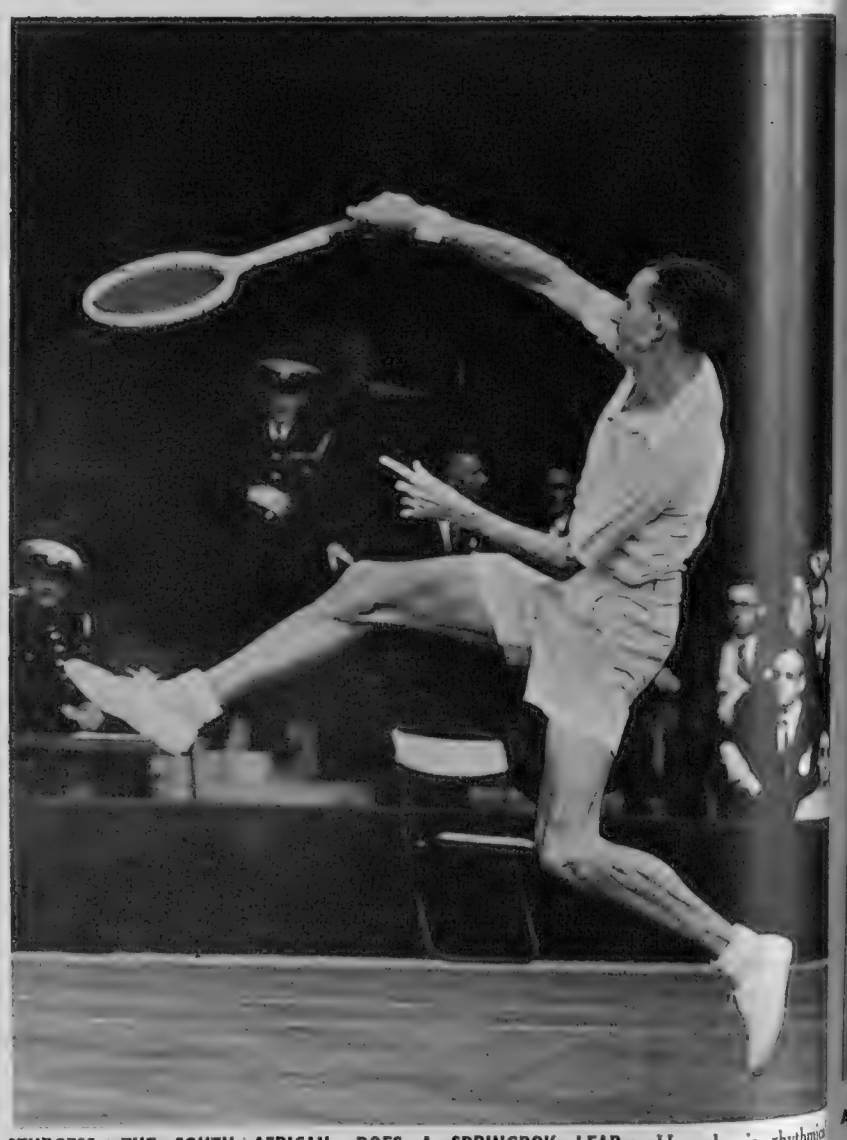
GRACE AT WIMBLEDON

A GALLERY OF ACTION PICTURES

As Wimbledon 1950 drew to a close, the Championships became very much of a duel between the Americans and the Australians. Britain could point to two sterling achievements by the Mottrams, husband and wife, and there is no doubt that in the future great things can be expected of these two players. Mrs. Mottram, the former Joy Gannon, gave Miss Brough a real fright, one of their sets going to 9—7. Miss Moran, as in 1949, had her full share of publicity, and incidentally played very much better lawn tennis.

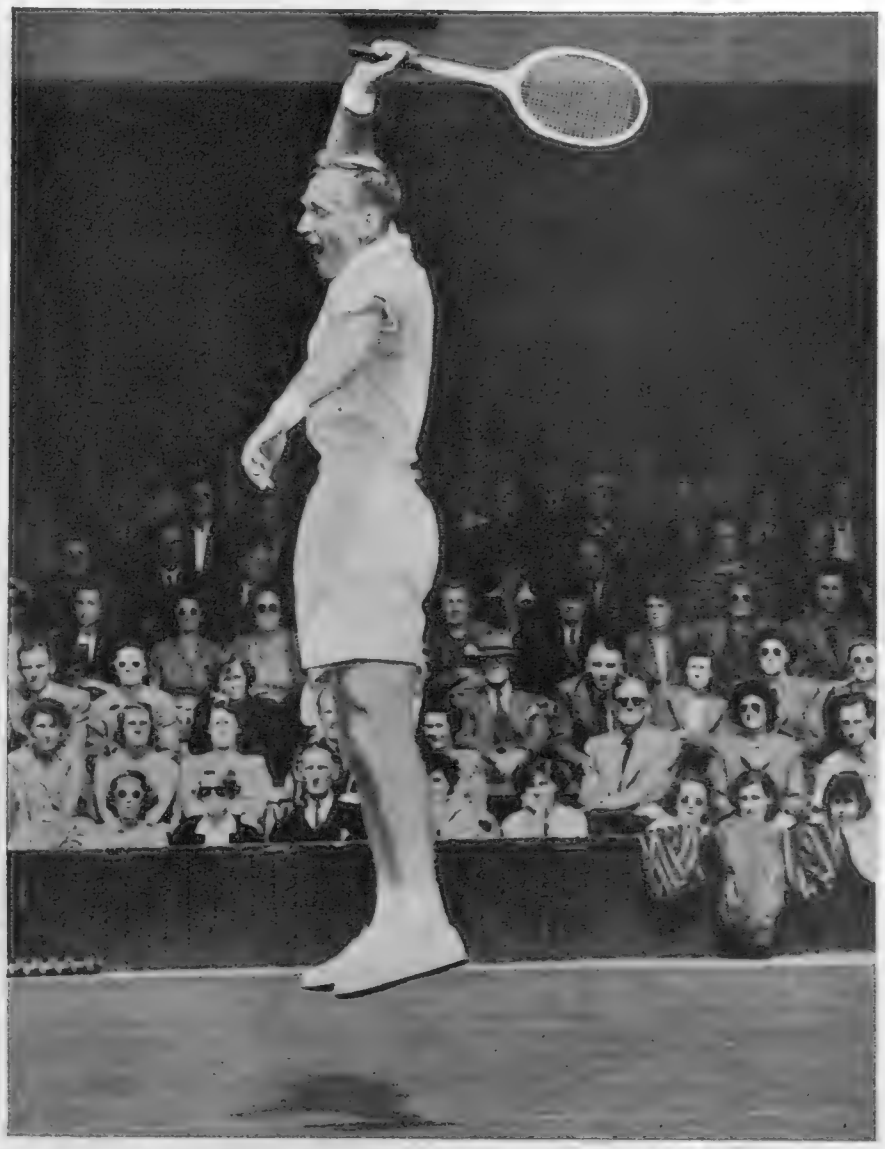
A STATUESQUE PAIR FROM CALIFORNIA: Pat Todd and her partner, "Gussy" Moran, in ac during one of their doubles matches at Wimbledon. They are close friends off the court, and the court have a fine understanding bred of many successful partnerships. Both Mrs. To and Miss Moran were seeded players in the Singles as well as the Doubles Championsh

TONY MOTTRAM STRUCK A BLOW FOR ENGLAND AT THE 1950 WIMBLEDON: The English player raised the hopes of his supporters to a pinnacle of pent-up excitement before he finally left the Centre Court, a vanquished hero. Mottram has never played better than in his match with Geoff Brown, save perhaps in the match in which he beat the young American, Trabert. Both matches were classics apart from some double-faulting



STURGESS, THE SOUTH AFRICAN, DOES A SPRINGBOK LEAP: Here he is rhythmic engaged in achieving a smash, but it is really on the relentless manner of his grou strokes that Sturgess depends for success, and in this department of the game he has l equals. Sturgess started the season below form and in the recent London Champions he fell to John Bromwich when temporarily developing a markedly uncertain backh

MISS NANCY CHAFFEE WAS A CHARMING NEWCOMER TO WIMBLEDON, 1950: Miss Chaffee is a delightful player, but at Wimbledon she did not seem to take kindly to the Centre Court, and when the real test came in the last sixteen of the Women's Singles she fell a victim to the brilliance of her compatriot, Doris Hart. There were many who saw Miss Chaffee who formed the conclusion that her turn at Wimbledon will surely come



JOHN BROMWICH, THE AUSTRALIAN "VETERAN," WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING FIRST-CLASS TENNIS SINCE THE AGE OF FIFTEEN: Now, at thirty-two, he has lost something of his power, but none of his guile as a tactician. One of his best-ever performances was in defeating von Cramm in the German Singles Championships in 1937 at Hamburg. Bromwich repeated the performance the next year in the Australian Championships at Adelaide

ART LARSEN, OF SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA, PUT HIMSELF IN THE FOREFRONT OF INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS BY HIS PERFORMANCES IN THE WIMBLEDON FORTNIGHT: Larsen's progress to the quarter-finals in the first week showed he is a player of power with a will to win and plenty of courage. He is twenty-four years old, and is now in his third season of "big-time" tennis. Larsen is of Portuguese-Danish origin

SEIXAS, VICTOR IN ONE OF THE AMERICAN-AUSTRALIAN DUELS WHICH MARKED THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK: Against Bromwich Seixas was in truly devastating form when putting over his lightning services. He found it difficult to deal with an experienced opponent who tried with long baseline duels to impose a war of attrition. That he emerged from the struggle cleanly and unmistakably marked him out as "one of the great"

THE DEVASTATED CITY OF LONDON VIEWED FROM THE TOWER OF ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE: This overhead view shows the moss-grown ruins in what was once one of the busiest places in London's commercial life. In the background repaired or unscathed buildings, some with white-tiled courtyards, provide a strong contrast. It is the intention of the Corporation to retain the City as the central commercial area of London and to promote redevelopment with office and warehouse buildings of high quality. At the same time an attempt will be made to improve sites and buildings of historic and architectural importance and to enhance their setting. This is a bold plan in view of the difficulties involved, and Londoners are not forgetful of the fact how nearly three centuries ago their ancestors failed to grasp the opportunities for planned reconstruction presented by the Great Fire. This time perhaps wiser counsels will prevail, and there was evidence that this might prove to be so when an inquiry was held in 1948 into the City Corporation's application for compulsory purchase power over bombed sites, no less than 41 per cent. of the City's land area being involved. Although 300 objectors came forward, it was obvious many of them would compromise

ONE OF THE BASTIONS OF HISTORIC LONDON WALL: The summit of the bastion is medieval, but at the lowest level the stonework is Roman, dating forty years after the invasion of the Emperor Claudius. Lately considerable excavation work has been undertaken along the line of this wall

BOMBED LONDON AND MARSEILLES TO-DAY

SOME RECONSTRUCTION, BUT VAST DEVASTATED AREAS STILL REMAIN

REBUILDING WORK IN THE PORT OF MARSEILLES—A BOMB-DEVASTATED AREA IN THE CITY WHERE RECONSTRUCTION OPERATIONS ARE NOW IN PROGRESS: Two thousand buildings were destroyed in the bombing of Marseilles, France's second city, and about 150 ships were sunk in the harbour

During the Second World War Marseilles lay in the unoccupied zone of France from June 1940 to November 1942, when that zone also was occupied by the Germans following the Allied landings in French North Africa. When the Allies landed in the South of France on August 15, 1944, French forces, under General de Lattre de Tassigny, advanced on Marseilles, which fell on August 23, unorganised German resistance continuing, however, until the 28th. The city did not suffer seriously in the fighting, but the bomb damage which had gone before was considerable. Marseilles has often led France in architectural innovation, and readers of THE SPHERE may remember a series of pictures published in the autumn of 1949 showing the rise of the Le Corbusier block of flats, the extraordinary plan for a skyscraper without a ground floor, the building being poised on a series of stilts.

BUILDING EUROPE'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY

THE PROGRESS OF THE GREAT FAWLEY PROJECT

THE FRACTIONATING TOWERS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE FAWLEY SITE: This will be the first of the petroleum processing units through which the crude oil will pass at Europe's largest refinery now being built at Fawley, near Southampton. No E.C.A. dollars are involved in this £37,500,000 scheme, which will in due course prove a dollar-saver

CONSTRUCTION WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE FAWLEY SITE: In the foreground concrete foundations are being put in and in the background are two of the refinery's fractionating towers. It is hoped that in 1951 the work on this refinery project will be completed

THE AGGREGATE PLANT VIEWED FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE CONCRETE MIXING PLANT: Bulldozers and crawlers bring the natural ballast within the orbit of a dragline crane. The ballast is then taken by conveyor-belt to the top of the aggregate plant. It is then washed and passed through a series of vibrating screens before being taken by conveyor-belt to be dropped on to stockpiles. These are on the roof of a concrete tunnel. When the shutters in the roof of this tunnel are opened various grades of gravel and sand fall on to the conveyor-belt and are carried to the concrete mixing plant as and when required

BUILDING THE NEW WORKERS' CANTEEN: The building is seen under construction in the foreground on the right. In the background work is in progress on single- and two-stage crude units. By 1951 a labour force of 3,000 will be in action at Fawley

Britain's considerable dependence upon America for petrol and other products of crude oil, of which the motoring public became painfully aware through long-continued rationing, is at last being eased as United Kingdom refinery capacity is steadily raised. There are several new projects and plant-enlargement plans now in operation in this country, and E.C.A. funds are making it possible for the companies concerned to change their sterling for dollars to buy the plant they require. Ultimately that plant will save millions of dollars.

One of the great dollar-savers is the refinery at Llandarcy, between Neath and Swansea, which was the subject of pictures in THE SPHERE of May 27. This is a subsidiary of Anglo-Iranian. Another is the Shell Haven Refinery, Essex, part of the Royal Dutch Shell Group. Llandarcy is receiving 7,250,000 dollars to aid expansion, and Shell Haven 10,043,000 dollars.

In addition, the Vacuum Oil Company (a subsidiary of Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc., of New York) is joining with the Powell Duffryn Group in the construction of a new refinery at Corytown, on the north bank of the Thames Estuary (not far from Shell Haven). This will, in the main, treat Middle East crude oil, the resulting products, as at Llandarcy, replacing those at present imported from dollar sources. Corytown will be in operation by 1953, and it will cost £10,000,000.

Greatest project of all, and one not requiring E.C.A. dollars, is the Anglo-American Oil Company's new refinery at Fawley, near Southampton, which is being built at a cost of £37,500,000. This will be the largest refinery in Europe, and one of the most important dollar-savers in the national economy. Here again crude oil from the Middle East will be dealt with. The output at Fawley will be over 5,000,000 tons a year, which is well over double the enlarged capacity planned for Llandarcy.

Work at Fawley is going steadily ahead and involves the building of three acres of railway sidings, as well as the vast processing plant. This scheme of the Anglo-American Oil Company will demand a labour force of 3,000 by February 1951, and about ten trades now engaged in shipyard work are interchangeable between Southampton Docks and Fawley. This is particularly fortunate now that work has finished on two big jobs at Southampton—the rebuilding of the *New Australia* and the conversion of the *Empire Orwell*, which has become a trooper. The oil refinery project is absorbing large numbers who might otherwise have been unemployed.

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

A Visit to Alice Springs, in the Heart of the Australian Commonwealth

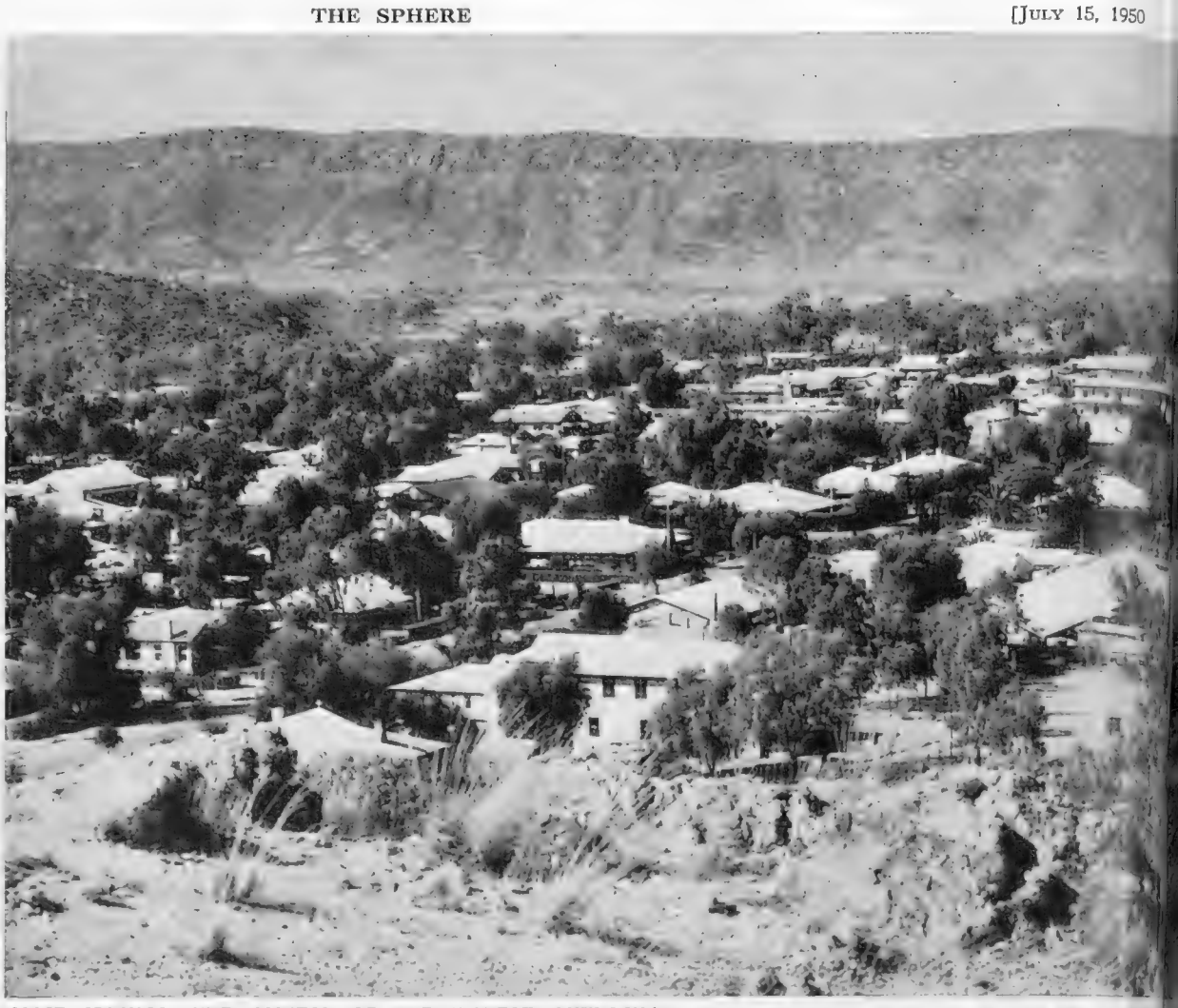
Under the terms of the Anglo-Australian Meat Agreement, a vast programme of borehole development is to be undertaken, new roads are to be built and new fences constructed on the cattle ranges. Both in the Northern Territory and the north-west progress is the watchword, for graziers and aviation interests, assisted by the Commonwealth Government, are carrying out an important experiment in beef production and marketing. The interior of Australia, the "Great Outback," is being opened up to provide meat for Britain, and it is believed that the development programme will provide an immediate annual increase of 10,000 tons of beef for export to the United Kingdom.

The capital of this outback is Alice Springs, and here in this town of 4,000 population is to be met a cross-section of all the people in the Territory—prospectors, surveyors, buffalo-shooters, pioneer cattlemen, bush pilots, speculators, writers, remittance men, drovers, flying doctors, dentists, ex-soldiers seeking opportunity, black, brown and white men—all Territorians.

War helped to bring prosperity to Alice Springs, and now, it would seem, with Australia establishing a great cattle empire, its future is assured. Alice Springs has an abundance of water. It is everywhere under the ground in the land round Alice, and from the boreholes 360,000 gallons flow every day into the storage tanks to keep the town green and flourishing. Something more is needed to maintain this prosperity, and it seems that the Commonwealth Government's development plans for cattle-raising in the Territory and in the vast north-west may include a meat factory at Alice. There is already such a factory at Glenroy, in the north-west, from which chilled meat, quartered and ready for export, is flown out each day and despatched to the world's markets. By this method overland transport of live cattle is avoided and the old problem of loss of weight and condition en route does not arise. Whatever happens, however, Alice Springs is likely to share in all this prosperity, particularly as the focal-point of road, rail and air communications in a land where the camel is only now being ousted as a mode of transport.

Alice Springs is a town without a town council or mayor. It is run by Commonwealth civil servants, and opinion is sharply divided on the merits of the system. Residents are denied a proper say in the administration of the affairs of the town. Admittedly it has a Progress Association, but this has little or no authority when vital decisions have to be made.

There are some in Australia who see in Alice Springs the same potentialities as in Johannesburg at the turn of the century. While the present politico-economic backbone of the Northern Territory is beef, its potential resources are such that few venture to estimate them. It is a treasure-house of gold, wolfram, tantalite, mica and other precious metals, with vast unexploited agricultural and forest regions.



ALICE SPRINGS, THE CAPITAL OF THE "GREAT OUTBACK"—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE TOWN IN THE HEART ST INTO ITS OWN: Alice Springs, or "The Alice," as it is known to Australians, has a population of about 4,000 a from Adelaide, capital of South Australia, and 1,000 miles from Adelaide by the Great North Road, the umbilical

IN THE SHADE OF THE BULL OAKS IN TODD STREET, THE MAIN STREET OF ALICE SPRINGS: Here on the porches sidewalks the latest news of the Territory is retailed. The tree-lined streets bear testimony to the plentiful water

DAYS ARE HOT, BUT WINTER NIGHTS ARE COLD IN ALICE SPRINGS: That is why at least one member of this open-air cinema audience is wearing an overcoat. The angle of the camera-shot gives the impression that the audience is dozing

IN THE COURT OF PETTY SESSIONS: The magistrate is about to hear a case, witnesses are being sworn-in. The Court of Petty Sessions sits in a s furnished room, for there are no elaborate public buildings at "The Al

STRALIA AND THE SEAT OF ADMINISTRATION IN THE FAST-DEVELOPING CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN DIVISION OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORY, WHERE STOCK-REARING IS NOW COMING in the middle of a man-made oasis shaded by green umbrellas of gums. Nearby lie the gaunt MacDonell Ranges. Alice Springs is six hours by Trans-Australia Airlines which feeds the Northern Territory. "The Alice" is a tidy, unpretentious town of asbestos and weatherboard. Its citizens display the optimistic, carefree frontier spirit

FOR THE YOUTH AND BEAUTY OF ALICE SPRINGS FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE RETURNED SOLDIERS' CLUB IS PRACTICALLY A PERMANENT DATE: A dance is in progress in the corrugated iron hall, where there is always a cheerful gathering on these occasions

HE ARRIVAL OF THE WEEKLY TRAIN FROM ADELAIDE IS A BIG EVENT IN THE LIFE OF THE TOWN: When the train reaches Heavitree Gap it whistles repeatedly, thus giving everyone in town who wishes to do so time to reach the station

STROLLING THROUGH RED-WALLED STANDLEY CHASM: Three tourists at a famous show-place in the vicinity of Alice Springs. Quite a few tourists now go to "The Alice," especially since the Northern Territory Airline came into being

IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES

Whaling Again in West Loch Tarbert After a Lapse of Twenty-five Years

THE WHALING STATION AT WEST LOCH TARBERT ONCE AGAIN IN OPERATION: Whale carcases are seen on the concrete slab, and on the left are the boilers, where the blubber is rendered into whale oil. West Loch Tarbert whaling station, in the Outer Hebrides, has been lying derelict for the past twenty-five years. Local crofters should benefit considerably by its reopening

WHERE THE FLENSING TAKES PLACE: The blubber is afterwards winched up the ramp on the left to a platform above the boilers

CUTTING UP THE JAWBONE OF A FIN-WHALE: A steam-operated bone saw at work on the flensing platform at West Loch Tarbert. Steam for operating saws and winches is provided by the vessel *Empire Unitas IV*, which pipes it ashore from her engine-room

HARRIS CROFTERS CUT UP A WHALE CARCASE: Working with flensing knives on a 66-ft. fin-whale brought in from the hunting-grounds west of St. Kilda. The whales are towed in 100 miles or more by the whale-catching boat

Under the direction of Captain Jespersen, a Norwegian whaling expert, the whaling station at West Loch Tarbert is now in operation once again after a lapse of a quarter of a century, and the station is, at present dealing with its first three whales, caught 100 miles out in the Atlantic beyond the lonely island of St. Kilda. After only a few days' operation some of the atmosphere of a great whaling station of the Antarctic has returned to the Hebrides, the steam winches, the taut wires, the bustling activity of the harbour, and, regrettably but inevitably, the far-carrying stench. This is believed to be the only whaling station now operating in the British Isles. At present steam for winches, boilers, etc., is piped ashore from the adapted whale-catcher *Empire Unitas IV*, which is moored in the little harbour. Local crofters stand to benefit considerably if the whaling station develops successfully, but at present the whole enterprise is on a very small scale indeed.

The fin-whales caught in Atlantic waters yield only half the oil of the blue whales of the Antarctic which, according to Norwegian Whaling Association figures, are decreasing steadily from year to year. Fin-whales, humpbacks, "Sei" whales and sperm-whales are among those caught in lesser numbers in Antarctica.

R.N.V.R. FLYERS TRAIN AT SEA

1832 Squadron Aboard H.M.S. *Theseus* for Eleven Days

We hear a great deal these days about Britain's week-end flyers, but their training is far more complete than that term would seem to imply. 1832 Squadron, which carried out training aboard H.M.S. *Implacable* last year, has just spent eleven days aboard *Theseus*. Lieut.-Commander Rutherford, who commands the Squadron, took off from Lee-on-Solent with his twenty Seafires and landed aboard the carrier in the English Channel. On board *Theseus* regulars of the Royal Navy and the men of the R.N.V.R. worked together in a series of routine exercises, and there is little doubt that the visiting Squadron gained immensely in experience during this spell afloat.

A VAMPIRE IS MANHANDLED INTO POSITION ON BOARD THE CARRIER "THESEUS": Seafires belonging to the Reserve Squadron and Vampires used by the Navy are both seen in this picture, as also are regular Navy men and members of No. 1832 Squadron, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. The Squadron, which is based on Culham Aerodrome, near Abingdon, Berkshire, took off from Lee-on-Solent, landed on *Theseus*, and spent eleven days at sea training with the regulars

ALTOGETHER, HEAVE! Ratings pushing a Vampire into position on the flight deck of the aircraft-carrier *Theseus*. This was the second year in succession in which the 1832 Air Squadron had trained afloat

CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK OF H.M.S. "THESEUS": *Left*—A Vampire coming up into position. *Right*—The moment of take-off. This machine was piloted by a member of the R.N. Air Group. The R.N.V.R. men from Abingdon, Berks, flew Seafires. During their eleven days at sea 1832 Squadron carried out normal duties and carrier exercises, gaining valuable experience in deck-landings and take-offs, sometimes operating in distinctly adverse weather conditions

DOWN TO THE SEA

NEW TONNAGE FROM BRITISH YARDS AND A FAMED LINER MADE NEW

LAUNCH OF THE "ORONSAY"—THE LARGEST PASSENGER LINER AT PRESENT UNDER CONSTRUCTION—FROM THE YARDS OF VICKERS-ARMSTRONG AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: The 28,200-ton passenger liner being taken in tow by tugs after being launched by Mrs. A. I. Anderson, wife of the chairman of Messrs. Anderson, Green & Co., managers of the Orient Line. Like her sister-ship, the *Orcades*, the *Oronsay* will cut from 96 days to 69 the time taken on the round voyage to Australia compared with pre-war voyages. The *Oronsay* will accommodate 668 first-class and 833 tourist "B" passengers, and she has certain modifications as suggested by experience with the *Orcades*. Vickers-Armstrong have no new ship to lay down in the berth vacated by the *Oronsay*, and apart from existing work and an order for two new destroyers, the yard becomes yet another of those reaching the end of the post-war replacement boom. The *Oronsay's* sister-ship *Orcades* arrived back at Southampton a fortnight ago on completing the first Mediterranean cruise by a British ship since 1939

THE "TANGISTAN" RUNS HER TRIALS—THE NEW CARGO-PASSENGER LINER OF THE STRICK LINE SEEN LEAVING THE TYNE AFTER COMPLETION BY HER BUILDERS, ... READHEAD AND SONS, OF SOUTH SHIELDS: The *Tangistan*, of 7,387 tons gross, has first-class accommodation for twelve passengers, some refrigerated cargo-space, ... general cargo-space. Every passenger cabin has a private bathroom. She will operate between United Kingdom ports, the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, ... eastern terminal being Basra. She will carry general cargoes outward, and inward bound will have large quantities of grain and dates. *Tangistan* is the eighte... vessel of the Strick Line now in service, and before long there will be a nineteenth. On her trials, the *Tangistan* achieved 14½ knots, which was well ab... her designed speed of 12 knots and in every way she gave a satisfactory performance

THE "ORONSAY" ON THE SLIPWAY AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: The new Orient liner about to enter the water after her launching. By the time she is fitted out her total cost will have been in the neighbourhood of £3,500,000. At a luncheon after the launching Mr. I. C. Geddes, chairman of the Orient Steam Navigation Company, spoke of the high price of shipbuilding. "Remember," he declared, "there is a ceiling price at which ships will be built. We have to guard against a high level in passage rates, for the sea is no closed shop for the British shipowner." It is expected that the *Oronsay* will make her maiden voyage to Australia in March of next year

THE SHIP WITH THE BIPOD FUNNEL—THE "MONARCH OF BERMUDA" TAKES NEW SHAPE AS AN EMIGRANT SHIP AND IS RENAMED THE "NEW AUSTRALIA": The former Queen of the New York-Bermuda run, which was burnt out in dry-dock at Hebburn-on-Tyne in March, 1947, seen in the George V dry-dock at Southampton, where she is in the final stages of conversion into an emigrant ship for the Australian service. Bearing her new name, *New Australia*, the 26,000-ton vessel will make her maiden voyage this summer. *New Australia* has one funnel and a bipod mast forward which will carry off the fumes emitted from the ship's forward boilers

THE LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "VERENA," A LARGE, TURBINE-DRIVEN OIL TANKER: This 28,000-ton tanker for the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company was launched successfully from the Belfast yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. She is a new class of ship, and represents the largest type of tanker now being built in United Kingdom shipyards. The tendency since the war has been to build larger and larger tankers for carrying petroleum in bulk. The *Verena* has no fewer than thirty-three cargo oil-carrying compartments. Her modern equipment for the efficient and rapid handling of cargo oil includes steam-driven pumps. Ample and comfortable accommodation, including an officers' lounge, is provided amidships for the captain and his officers

FROM PLYMOUTH TO THE CLYDE

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE "AMETHYST," NOW REPAIRED AND SHOWING NO TRACES OF THE DAMAGE WHICH SHE SUSTAINED IN THE YANGTSE BATTLES, SEEN FROM THE AIR AT PLYMOUTH AS SHE UNDERWENT TESTS: Apparently all was well, but her departure for the Far East was postponed while some minor adjustments were made as a result of the trials. *Amethyst*, the best-known frigate in the Royal Navy, belongs to the modified Black Swan Class. She was completed in November 1943 in Stephen's Yard, and thus saw service in the last year-and-half of the war. She suffered damage both in the battle of the Yangtse, which preceded her stranding, and in the celebrated dash to freedom which preceded her triumphal return to Hong Kong and home

MEMBERS OF THE VISITING GERMAN CHOIR PAY A VISIT TO HARR SCHOOL: The choir, which has come over to sing at the W National Eisteddfod at Llangollen, made a short stay in Ha for a concert of the Harrow Musical Association in the ha Harrow Technical College. During the visit, which was arra by a member of the Association who had heard the choir sin Lubeck, they toured the Hill. In the background are seen Harrow School War Memorial and the celebrated Speech R

THE DEFENCE MINISTER WELCOMES THE DELEGATES FROM THE EMPIRE: Mr. Shinwell speaking at the opening at Lancaster House of the first meeting of the Commonwealth Advisory Committee on Defence Science. Mr. Shinwell pointed out the potential saving in the defence programmes of the Dominions if their scientific research effort was co-ordinated

THE DELEGATES FROM PAKISTAN AND INDIA AT LANCASTER HOUSE: Lieutenant Colney (India) and Colonel Roy (Pakistan) seated side by side at the conference on Commonwealth Defence Science at Lancaster House

BRITAIN'S DEFENCE MINISTER CALLS FOR ECONOMY OF EFFORT: Mr. Shinwell speaking at Lancaster House, London, welcoming the delegates to the Commonwealth Advisory Committee on Defence Science. The delegates later to Cambridge, where the Conference was continued, and they have been visiting establishments in other parts of the country. meeting concludes on July 20, after which a statement on the results of the Conference will be issued. The United Kin Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and Pakistan are represented, and there are two observers from the States. Mr. Shinwell, after welcoming the delegates, said he had no doubt that the Committee would become a permanen of Commonwealth co-operation. There were obviously certain fields where the wide variety of resources made research Commonwealth basis more valuable than independent research in each country. As examples, the Minister instanced testing and proving of clothing and equipment in different climates, man-power problems, and the utilisation of natural re

GRADUATION DAY AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY—NINE RECIPIENTS OF HONORARY DEGREES AND 400 STUDENTS PRESENTED FOR ORDINARY DEGREES (A RECORD NUMBER) AT THE SUMMER GRADUATION: Among those "capped" by Sir James Irvine, Principal and Vice-Chancellor, were Professor Lilian Penson (*left*), Vice-Chancellor of the University of London; Mr. Ivor Brown (*centre*), author and journalist; and Mr. John Gielgud (*right*), the distinguished actor. After the recipients of honorary degrees had passed before Sir James, the capping of the ordinary graduates occupied seventy-two minutes. On this day the University bade good-bye to two distinguished members of the teaching staff, Professor Adam Patrick, of the Chair of Medicine, and Professor Herbert Turnbull, Regius Professor of Mathematics, who has recently accepted an appointment with the Royal Society

HOLIDAY-MAKERS WATCH THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW CLOVELLY LIFEBOAT: This was the scene at the little West Country fishing port as the *William Cantrell Ashley* was about to be named and launched by Lady Fortescue. A band played on the pebbled beach as the lifeboat, with members of her crew aboard, glided into the water. Clovelly, on the dangerous stretch of coast where the Bristol Channel reaches out towards the Atlantic, is the scene of many a rescue in winter seas, lying as it does in close proximity to the dreaded Hartland Point, where so many ships have foundered in times past

BOWLING ALONG IN A STIFF BREEZE AT THE ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA: Competitors in the International Dragon class event in the second regatta of the popular Clyde Fortnight at Hunter's Quay, near Dunoon. There were some remarkable feats of helmsmanship and plenty of thrilling incident in most of the twelve races on the programme. There was considerable weight in the breeze from the east, and everyone enjoyed grand sailing as compared with the last programme at Hunter's Quay, when many of the yachts were becalmed. The meeting was also made memorable by the presence of the English designer, Uffa Fox, who had towed his Flying Fifteen by road to Scotland and had his first meeting with the Clyde Flying Fifteens which he himself designed. In a keen struggle he beat D. Auld Graham's *Malise* by 27 seconds. *Stormalong*, third, was 9 minutes behind the first two. Mr. J. H. Thom's *Canna* won the race for the Scottish Islanders

ALTOGETHER IN THE EIGHTSOME REEL: Air Vice-Marshal D. Y. Carnegie and Vice-Admiral Sir Ernest Archer at the Summer Ball given at the Aerodrome, Donibristle, which was one of the social events of the year in Fife

THE SUMMER BALL AT DONIBRISTLE AERODROME: Lieutenant C. R. Hillard, Commander C. L. Brown and other guests during an interval between dances on this naval occasion in Fifeshire

A HOST OF THE EVENING: Rear-Admiral E. W. Anstice, Flag Officer Flying Training, sitting out with Mrs. A. Stevenson, of Perth, at the Summer Ball which was given by Rear-Admiral Anstice, the Commanding Officer and officers of H.M.S. *Merlin*, a function which brought a large and fashionable gathering to Donibristle. Rear-Admiral Anstice has specialised in naval aviation since 1924. His brother, Brigadier John Anstice, commanded the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards and had a distinguished record throughout the Second World War

PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE GROWTH OF LONDON AIRPORT—BUILDING THE SOUTH-EAST VEHICULAR SUBWAY WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY CONNECT THE CENTRAL TERMINAL AREA WITH THE BATH ROAD: This tunnel, when completed, will form one of a series which will provide a right of way for both pedestrian and vehicular traffic at the airport in West London. It is 25 ft. 8 ins. wide with a carriage-way of 20 ft.; is 375 ft. long and has a minimum clearance of 12 ft. 6 ins.

STILL GROWING
LONDON AIRPORT

THE ENTRANCE TO THE NORTH-EAST TUNNEL WHICH WILL RUN BENEATH LONDON AIRPORT: This subway will take two lanes of traffic and one pavement. The dimensions are similar to those of the south-east tunnel, excepting that it has a length of over 520 ft. It will connect the "terminal area" with the "marshalling apron," in which all passenger planes will be parked

FOR THE USE OF PEDESTRIANS: The north-east pedestrian subway which runs for 590 ft. below the surface at a depth of 14 ft. from its base. It is 6 ft. 9 ins. wide and 8 ft. high

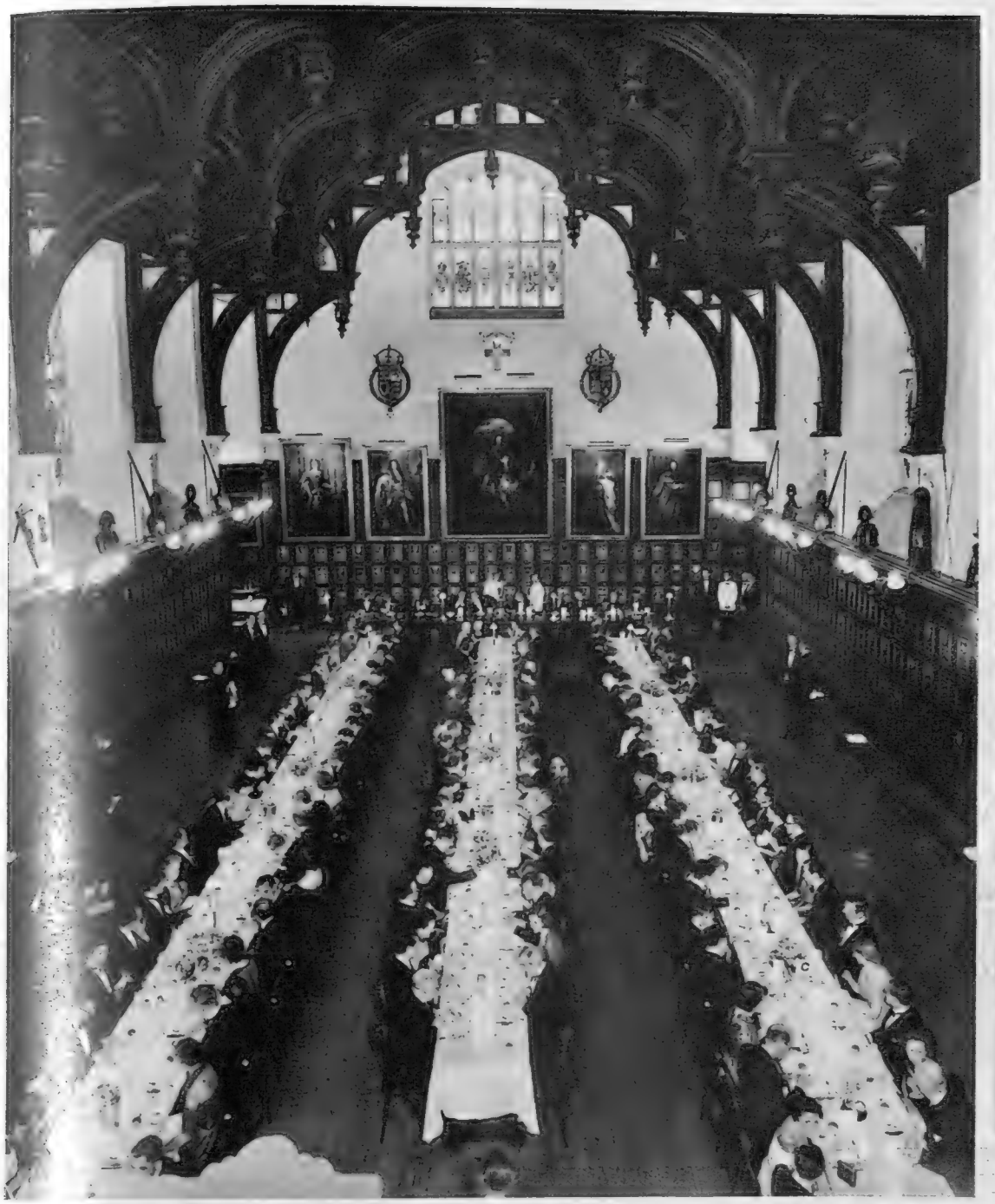
TO MAKE WAY FOR THE EXPANSION OF LONDON AIRPORT—SIPSON VILLAGE, WHICH IS SCHEDULED TO BE DEMOLISHED SOME TIME IN THE NEAR FUTURE: This hamlet of about 900 souls, which lies north of the Bath Road, some 12 miles from London, is in close proximity to the airport in its present state, but, alas, within the area which the airport will eventually cover. To increase the airport to something like double its present size, the village of Sipson, sometimes known as "the fruity village," will be bulldozed out of existence, and the once-prosperous market gardens will give way to the conquering concrete tentacles of building expansion. This picture shows the main street, with its old houses and Baptist chapel. The village also has many rows of modern houses

CONSTRUCTION BEGINS ON THE SOUTH-EAST PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY

London Airport, already one of the largest and most up-to-date airports in the world, will eventually cover an area of about 4,600 acres. Four of its giant runways, capable of accommodating the "Brabazon," are now completed and the remaining three are about 68 per cent. complete. In the not-too-distant future the temporary block of buildings which fringe the Bath Road will be demolished, and in their place a huge central terminal area will be erected. Adjoining this will be constructed a "marshalling apron," where all embarking and disembarking of passengers will be carried out. To connect this area with the road will be a series of tunnels for all traffic, thereby creating an easy means of access without crossing the area where 'planes will be standing and taxi-ing.

WIT AND LEARNING AT THE HARDWICKE SOCIETY'S DINNER

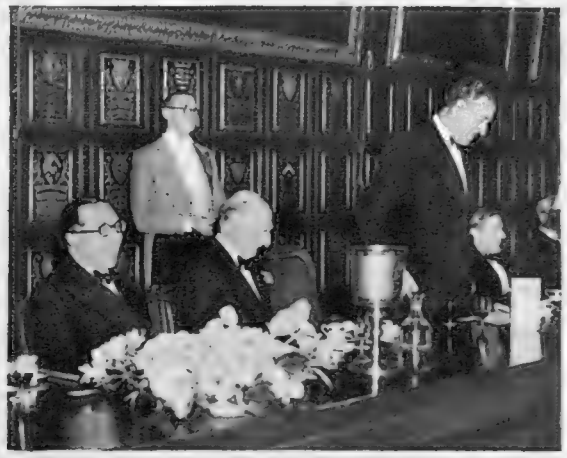
Earl Mountbatten, Guest of Honour of the Legal Profession



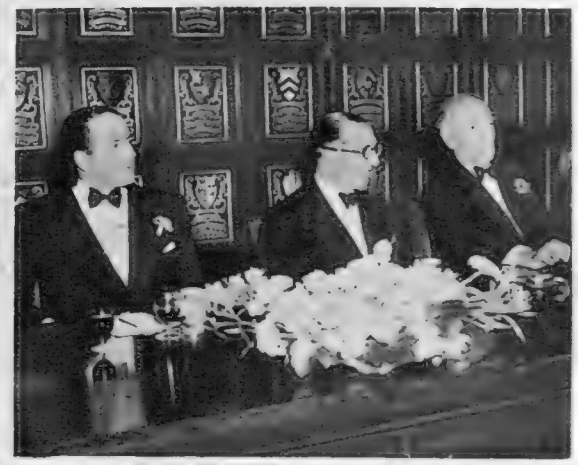
DINING IN THE RESTORED MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL: This picture was taken from the Musicians' Gallery at the 101st annual dinner of the Hardwicke Society, the Bar Debating Society, at which Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma was the guest of honour. Last year, at the centenary dinner, the guest of honour was Earl Mountbatten's nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh

The fun is always fast and furious at the annual dinners of the Hardwicke Society. In 1949 the centenary year, the Duke of Edinburgh, as guest of honour, had rare sport with the minute books of the Society, quoting extracts from volumes rescued from the rubble of the Temple. This year came the turn of Earl Mountbatten to be guest of honour, and the presence of the distinguished "soldier, airman, sailor, statesman" did not for a moment detract from the forensic atmosphere of the occasion.

In his speech the Earl recalled how at Cambridge, after the First World War, he led a team from the Cambridge Union to debate at Oxford. Mr. Winston Churchill accompanied them as an extra member, giving valuable hints on public speaking. It was clear from the quality of Earl Mountbatten's address that he had not forgotten any of those Churchillian hints.



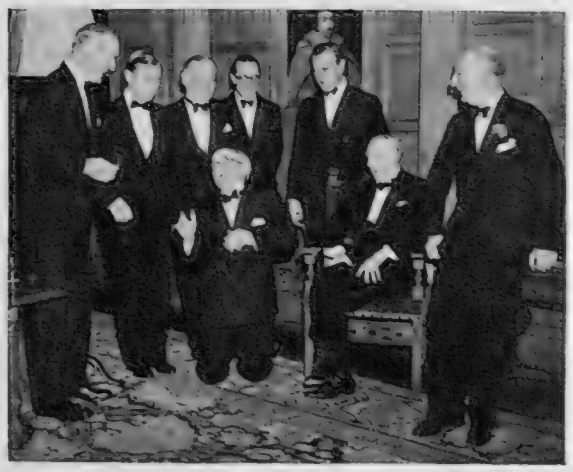
THE GUEST OF HONOUR SPEAKS: Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma addressing the annual dinner of the Hardwicke Society. On the left is Sir Walter Monckton



MR. HALPERN, SIR WALTER MONCKTON AND THE MARQUESS OF READING: Mr. Halpern is Secretary of the Hardwicke Society. Sir Walter is Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall. The Marquess became a K.C. in 1929

MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS SAT NEXT TO SIR HENRY MACGEAGH, K.C.: Mr. Justice Humphreys was called to the Bar in 1889. He is eighty-three years of age

THE PRESIDENT OF THE HARDWICKE SOCIETY ADDRESSES THE GATHERING: Mr. A. E. Telling speaking at the annual dinner in Middle Temple Hall. On his right hand sat Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma, the guest of the evening, and the Marquess of Reading, and on his left hand were Mr. Justice Humphreys and Colonel Sir Henry MacGeagh, K.C., who is Treasurer and Hon. Secretary of the Middle Temple



SIR GERALD KELLY CASTS CARE ASIDE: The President of the Royal Academy gets on his knees when retailing one of his cheerful anecdotes. Seated in the chair and joining in the fun is Mr. Justice Humphreys

MAGIC OF GLYNDEBOURNE

TWO MOZART OPERAS AT THIS YEAR'S FESTIVAL

Back in 1933, Carl Ebert, actor and producer, violent anti-Nazi, was packing his bags before leaving Germany for ever. Fritz Busch, musical director, was conducting opera in Dresden and a dozen other cities. John Christie, scientist and builder, opera-lover, was getting ready to build a theatre behind his fifteenth-century house at Glyndebourne, in Sussex.

To-day, Ebert is world famous as a producer in the grand tradition; Professor of Opera at the University of Southern California, he comes to Britain each year to produce the Mozart Festival at Glyndebourne, and then again at the Edinburgh Festival. Busch, who has his own orchestra in Copenhagen, and who conducted at the Metropolitan Opera in New York

THE GLYNDEBOURNE TRIO: Dr. Fritz Busch, John Christie and Professor Ebert, who are once again together for the Glyndebourne Festival, 1950

for four years, also comes to the Edinburgh Festival. Christie, still building houses in Sussex, for the brief Glyndebourne season each year comes nearer full achievement of the ideal which he conceived in 1933. These three have made Glyndebourne a magnet which draws the best singers and musicians—this year Alda Noni, Blanche Teebom, Endré Koreh, and a dozen others—and a symbol of an ideal which inspires the performers to give better than their best.

"We make no concessions to mediocrity," explains John Christie, padding along the terrace of his house in the white tennis shoes he always wears. "From the first, even the greatest names must go back to the music, to unlearn the errors which they may have made for years. Nowhere else is four weeks' rehearsal, under such painstaking direction, given to a single opera." From the windows comes the sound of stars of the Vienna State Opera and the Met., rehearsing their parts individually, under a coach. On stage Professor Ebert is spending twenty minutes on a thirty-second incident; even for the first rehearsal, the stage set is already almost completed and in position.

"Nobody here spares himself in our pursuit of an ideal, the highest art of opera which can be achieved." Mr. Christie sits on a garden seat beside the croquet lawn, where a young British conductor is playing against a young German soprano, a Glyndebourne discovery singing for the first time in Britain. "We expect the same of our audience. Last year a newspaper reported that because of petrol rationing we had decided not to hold the Festival. We denied that at once. If there had been no petrol at all, if someone had carelessly left a barbed-wire entanglement round Glyndebourne, we should still have held our performances, and expected the audience to get through somehow. Those who appreciate and value our standards will, without question, make the effort we demand."

THE MEN BEHIND THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA SEASON: Dr. Fritz Busch, musical director, John Christie (centre), the master of Glyndebourne, and Professor Carl Ebert (right) on the terrace of Mr. Christie's opera house-cum-country home in the heart of the Sussex countryside. They are discussing the productions of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" and "Cosi Fan Tutte," which are being given at this summer's Glyndebourne Festival. In the background opera singers are seen at croquet

THE GREAT OPERA HOUSE ATTACHED AS A WING TO GLYNDEBOURNE MANOR, NEAR THE DOWNLAND VILLAGE OF GLYNDE, SUSSEX: John Christie and his co-workers on the lawns outside the opera house. The theatre has one of the best-equipped stages in Europe and the auditorium has seating for 600. During the Second Great War the theatre was closed, but it reopened in summer 1946

***On left*—ALDA NONI AS DESPINA: Glyndebourne's Wardrobe Master, Harry Kellard, prepares her for her part in "Cosi Fan Tutte"**

***On right*—PROFESSOR CARL EBERT EXPLAINS HIS APPROACH TO MOZART: The producer discussing the operas with members of the cast in a corner of the grounds of Glyndebourne**

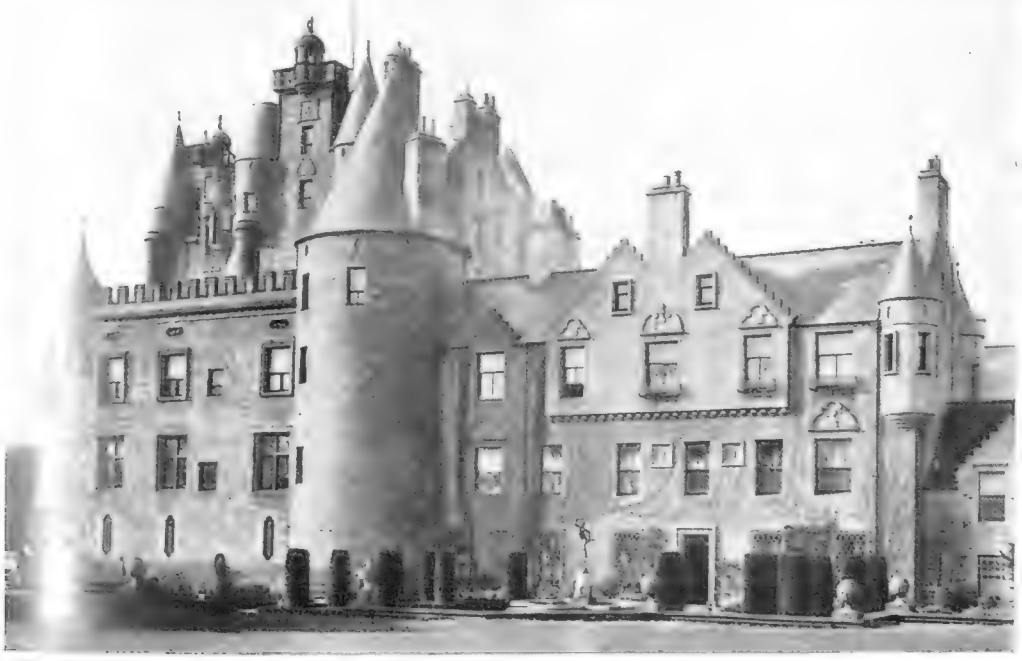
MACBETH'S CASTLE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC

GLAMIS, THE EARL OF STRATHMORE'S ANCESTRAL HOME, IN THE HEART OF "FAIRE STRATHMORE"

GLAMIS CASTLE, FORFAR, VIEWED FROM THE PARK: The Earl of Strathmore, the Queen's nephew, has opened the Castle to the public because of the heavy demands of taxation, and the taxation resulting from the deaths, within five years of each other, of his father and grandfather. The Queen spent her childhood and much of her youth at Glamis, and at St. Paul's Waldenbury, Hertfordshire, and it was at Glamis that Princess Margaret was born

Around the ancient Scottish home of the Strathmores legend and tradition have throughout the centuries had full play. About 900 years old, the massive pile of Glamis Castle still contains portions in which some of the most stirring scenes in early Scottish history were enacted. Here Macbeth, the Thane of Glamis, dwelt, and here Malcolm II of Scotland was assassinated in the opening years of the eleventh century, his murderers fleeing across frozen fields and falling through the ice into Forfar Loch, where they were drowned. Here, too, dwelt the Stuarts, and James V of Scotland, Bonnie Dundee and a host of other picturesque and historic figures.

Glamis is said to have a secret known in each generation only to the Earl of Strathmore, Lord Glamis, the heir, the Master of Glamis, heir-presumptive, and the Bailiff of the Estate. The brother of the present Earl, the Master of Glamis, who died on the battlefields of Africa, was among those of the Bowes-Lyon family who knew ill fortune, though whether it had anything to do with the so-called secret of Glamis is another matter.



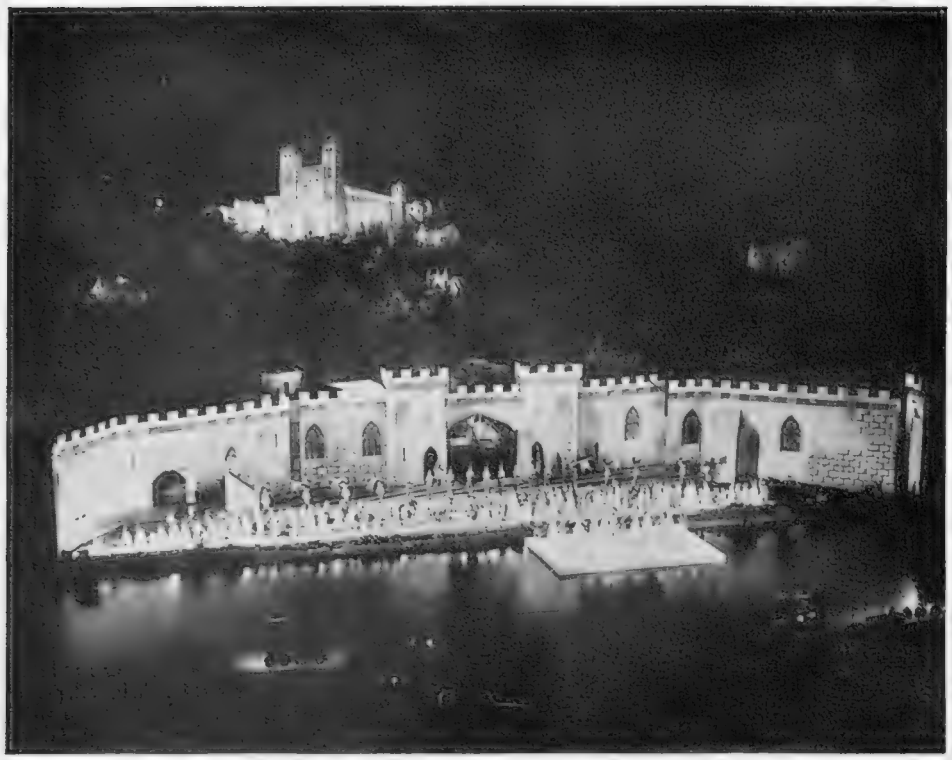
THE RESIDENTIAL WING OF THE CASTLE, WHICH WAS ADDED IN 1891: Many additions have been made to the Castle in the course of centuries, but some of the original work still remains intact. The main work of reconstruction was carried out in 1606 by Patrick, the ninth Lord Glamis and first Earl of Kinghorne. The Castle is in many ways strongly reminiscent of a sixteenth-century French château

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE, WITH ITS COATS OF ARMS: Over the low doorway are rich carvings executed by Jan van Sanvoort. The doorway itself is flanked by pilasters with richly-carved floral capitols, while above it is inlaid the bust of the first Earl Patrick

THE ANCIENT CRYPT AT GLAMIS AND THE 60-FT.-LONG DRAWING-ROOM (WITH VAULTED CEILING) WHICH STANDS IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THE CRYPT: Here beautiful furniture is surrounded by hewn stone walls, arched doorways, embrasured windows and other tokens of medieval times. On the walls of the drawing-room is a collection of portraits of the Royal Stuarts, including a large rectangular picture, high up on the end wall, of the Earl of Claverhouse and his boys in hunting dress

ALFRESCO ENTERTAINMENT

Scarborough Presents *The Vagabond King* with a Ballet Interlude; A Kentish Pageant; Stonehenge Rites



THE SCARBOROUGH OPEN-AIR THEATRE PRESENTS THE LOCAL AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY IN A SPECTACULAR BALLET SCENE AS THE HIGHLIGHT OF ITS PRODUCTION OF "THE VAGABOND KING": *Left*—A general view of the stage with its medieval setting. *Right*—On an illuminated glass raft in front of the castle gates the Corps de Ballet reach the climax of the *Swan Lake* Ballet. The Scarborough Open-Air Theatre, which won a great reputation between the wars, has seldom before put on such a spectacular show. Mr. John Harvard, the producer, when asked his reasons for introducing the *Swan Lake* into a musical show, declared: "The production needs a picturesque filler, and the lake will give thousands of people the opportunity of seeing this famous ballet in the natural setting it deserves." The action of the musical play itself follows traditional lines, although compressed from three hours into two

A PAGEANT OF KENTISH HISTORY: Spinners and weavers of the Elizabethan period who were among the 1,000 members of the West Kent Federation of Women's Institutes who took part in *Kentish Cavalcade*, presented in the grounds of Linton Park, Maidstone. The pageant started with a presentation of the invasion of the Jutes, led by Hengist and Horsa. Each division, comprising several women's institutes, tackled one particular event. The turbulent years 1900 to 1950 were shown in the final episode presented by the Medway District. The colourful pageant ended with the entire cast singing the hymn "Jerusalem"

THE MEN OF KENT AND THE KENTISH MEN IN WAT TYLER'S REBELLION: This was Episode III in the *Kentish Cavalcade* presented at Linton Park, Maidstone. A green sloping lawn with steps down the centre provided a fine natural stage for the elaborate pageant

THE GRAND ARCH ALBION OF WESSEX CONDUCTS THE SOLSTICE SERVICE: Dr. Reginald A. Millard, who in private life works for the Admiralty, standing in the centre of the stone circle at Stonehenge with members of the Druidic Order. He was robed in white and purple. Holiday-makers are seen standing in the background watching the rites being performed

DRUIDIC RITES WITHIN THE MAGIC CIRCLE OF STONEHENGE: The leaders of the British Circle of the Universal Bond of the Druid Order holding their annual Solstice Ceremony at Stonehenge to mark the time of the year when the sun reaches its highest point in the sky. The Druids walked in procession round the outside of the circle, stopping for a little ceremony at each compass-point during the Communion of the Four Elements. The latter are represented as follows: Earth, West; Air, East; Water, North; Water and Fire, South. A service was then held on the altar stone in the inner circle, just at the moment when the rays of the sun fell across it. Summer visitors on holiday in the district came to watch the ceremonies

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TRIBUTES TO GEORGE SAINTSBURY

A Further Collection of Writings and Papers from the Pen of a Great Scholar

GEORGE SAINTSBURY—A LAST VINTAGE (Methuen. 15s.) is a further collection of writings, essays and papers for the most part, that have so far been uncollected and which have now been chosen, assembled and edited by a group of such distinguished men as Dr. John W. Oliver, Dr. Arthur Melville Clark and Mr. Augustus Muir. The great scholar and Englishman was born in 1845 and died only seventeen years ago, and among the tributes to him in this volume Miss Helen Waddell has written of him as "the solitary scholar who was his own best company, 'Lord not only of Joyous Gard but of Garde Douloureuse,' reading, reading, reading through the small hours in the familiar chair with the two tall candlesticks behind it. And their light falls, not on his face, but on the open book." This is perhaps the most understanding phrase of epitaph, for it embodies Saintsbury's rejection of all personal publicity, and the spirit which dictated that after his death there should be no biography published. His writings remain, though, and we are fortunate to have many of them gathered in this book by discerning and friendly hands.

It seems to be a fact, carefully ascertained by representative and cross-sectional balloting, that there are those who are not interested in the life of George Bernard Shaw, and hardly interested at all in his works. The latter view, though probably unintelligent, is still intelligible, but nevertheless a relentless flow of books about him and about, continue to appear, and the latest—and indeed one of the most stimulating—of these is Mr. Eric Bentley's BERNARD SHAW (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.). The author calls his book, in all modesty, a reconsideration, and it must needs be that since, as H. L. Mencken said, every habitual writer now before the public from William Archer to "Vox Populi" and "An Old Subscriber" has had his say about Shaw. Mencken wrote that forty-five years ago, and the interval has not been poor in assessments and critiques, but Mr. Bentley bravely comes to it again, and has written a lively and—as always when Shaw is the subject—a controversial book, chiefly about his work, and a little about the playwright himself.

Mr. Dane Chandos, who once wrote the most entertaining book of that year in *Abbie*, has given us a further chronicle from his Mexican home, which he now runs as a guest-house for those lucky enough, in my view, to travel so far afield. HOUSE IN THE SUN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) has the wit that one would expect and the kindly irony, but it has, too, an admirable selectivity in that the author, who obviously has a thousand good stories of his experiences to tell, has picked so carefully among them and, with the ones he tells us, has built up a picture of a frustrating, beautiful, exasperating but in the end rewarding life in a remote village by a lake which also happens to be a Mexican lake. I enjoyed this book enormously, and hope that you may, too.

WITHIN THE HARBOUR (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) is autobiographical but in a more personal sense, if that is not a contradiction in terms. Where Mr. Chandos gives us, almost without design, a glimpse of himself through his handling of Indios, or his dealing with the perpetual calls for small cash loans by them, E. M. Almedingen prefers the deliberate frontal attack of such phrases as: "I had known great happiness (as a child) in trying to write the history of a non-existent country," and so on. By this method the author is presented to you, for your conjecture and speculation, and, possibly, sympathy. It is not to me such an attractive method, but it has its reading devotees, and certainly the reminiscences of Rome and Warsaw and Wales, as well as the London we possibly know better, are not without their charm.

Mr. George Henderson is a farmer, and a practical one. He illustrates this in his book, FARMER'S PROGRESS (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), by his sturdy common sense and by his very reasonable idea of passing on the sum of his own experiences to others of his calling, for what they might learn from them. "This farming philosophy," he writes, "is dedicated to all those who find it possible," and his philosophy is summed up in the lines:

"To leave it better than you found it,
For that 's the farmer's aim,
That others in the years to come
May do the same again."

THE ATHENÆUM COMES TO LIFE: The famous London club receiving a new coat of paint. The elegant ornamental frieze, which lost its blue background when it had its first post-war coat of paint in 1947, is now being picked out again in a contrasting colour

Mr. John Frederic Gibson was told when he was very young and wanted to live in a lonely Cornish cottage in order to write the books of which he felt himself capable, to get out, to travel the world, to see men and women and different stages of civilisation for ten years, and then to come back if he still wanted to, and settle to his art. His own good sense as well as the recent war helped him to do this in a fairly wide measure, and, not unnaturally, a result is a volume of reminiscences which sail about between Australia and Narvik, Cape Horn and Lapland. MEMORY BAY (Longmans. 9s. 6d.) is not original, except in so far as every man's experience is just a little different from the next man's, but it has a good deal of freshness and vigour, and a quality of optimism that I found most refreshing.

AN OCEAN WITHOUT SHORES (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is another of these heroic escape stories of the last war which never seem to get dull or repetitious, however thick they come, any more than man's courage and resource can be tarnished in the telling. Captain C. O. Jennings was an officer in the Royal Engineers in February 1942 when the Japs were advancing on Singapore and when, as he puts it, "Things must be terribly bad when Sappers are used as infantry." With a single companion, having earlier escaped with a group, he decided to sail from Sumatra to Australia in an open boat, and they actually survived in the Indian Ocean for 127 days before they were shipwrecked on a Jap-held island and taken to captivity. By this time the author had lost 65 lb. in weight and his companion over 50 lb., but somehow or other they survived, and this is their incredible but true story.

The novels this week are varied enough in subject if not in quality. Mr. D. L. Murray has written what he calls a Victorian Picture Show in ROYAL ACADEMY (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), a large and would-be lusty novel of London in the '70's, and particularly of that part of London concerned with art: the critics, the dealers, the dilettantes, the experts and, finally, the painters themselves. One of these is a handsome, forceful, red-headed girl whose work is more conventional in its expression than her personal whims; another is the man who loves her, a classically penniless artist who nevertheless wins her in the end from the Duke of St. Arvern. In spite of all these æsthetic and aristocratic delights, though, and in spite of the painstaking reconstruction of the contemporary scene, this book lacks life, no matter how often Camilla gurgles, and the Duke of St. Arvern stamps his tiny foot.

A PIER AND A BAND (Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.) is a reprint of a novel first published in 1918, and it is very welcome. Mrs. Mary MacCarthy was the author of that delightful *Nineteenth-Century Childhood*, and she writes with an especial grace and humour that has kept intact over the passage of years.

MY GLORIOUS BROTHERS (Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.) is a novel by Mr. Howard Fast based on the apocryphal story of Jewish resistance to the tyranny of Greece, when Judas the Maccabee led a little Jewish community into battle and exile in defence of their freedom and independence. It is an impressive story, and Mr. Fast tells it with effect, though he cannot resist the temptation from time to time of letting his prose fall into an uneasily Biblical cadence. In the main, however, he succeeds in his purpose of putting new life into a fine and enduring legend.

Mr. Goronwy Rees has written a novel that has both power and intelligence. It is not a book that will make you any happier to read, except in the pleasure you may get from the good craftsmanship of its construction, but it is a piece of work that you will be able to admire. WHERE NO WOUNDS WERE (Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d.) tells the story of an ace German fighter pilot who is taken prisoner when his aircraft lands in England. It is likely that he has information that could be vital to the British, and he is handed over to an interrogation officer for questioning. Between them there is a long-drawn-out duel of wits. The men are contrasted, not only by their races, but by their whole personalities, and the approaches which each has to essential problems. Through the ordeal, which is one of the intellect wholly, one sees a German mind revealed and analysed. A mature and most interesting novel.

JOHN BUNYAN

A New Life by Vera Brittain

"Some Bunyan biographies smell more of midnight oil than of Bedfordshire air," writes Vera Brittain in her introduction to her new volume, IN THE STEPS OF JOHN BUNYAN (Rich and Cowan. 15s.). Miss Brittain has herself made no such mistake, and many will feel that she has truly recaptured the life of seventeenth-century Bedfordshire in this magnificent biography which sets the inspired writer, author and preacher against the background of his times—times very much like our own in which wars and rumours of wars cast their shadows over all Europe and spiritual deterioration follows in the wake of material calamity. Miss Brittain, in her "excursion into Puritan England," found that in some areas of Bedfordshire the Bunyan tradition is still so strong that John Bunyan remains not only a vital but a controversial figure, and she records a meeting with one country vicar who regarded her researches into a seventeenth-century incident in his parish with as much indignation as though Bunyan were a local Baptist minister with whom he lived in perpetual feud. In his view the creator of Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Valiant-for-Truth had done great harm to the church of God. Miss Brittain's book is a painstaking and scholarly effort, but at the same time it contains much new material retrieved from local archives and parish records. More than all that, it takes us back in mind and spirit through three centuries; it bears the stamp of fine writing and of a deep and abiding enthusiasm. Between the author, writing in the serenity of Cheyne Walk, an oasis amid the hectic bustle of modern London, and Bunyan, who trod the quiet lanes of Bedfordshire in a hardly less turbulent age, there is a strong thread of sympathy and understanding that makes this volume memorable. There is a complete awareness of the challenge of the human crisis, a challenge which Bunyan met in a life of ceaseless activity.

Books about the English cathedrals are legion, ranging from the richly-illustrated folios and quartos of the nineteenth century down to guide pamphlets, but Herbert Felton, a distinguished photographer of architectural subjects, and John Harvey, a leading authority on mediæval art, in dealing with these great shrines as a unity rather than as isolated units, have undoubtedly produced a work of originality and importance. THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS (B. T. Batsford. 18s.) is presented chronologically, both as regards text and illustrations, so that the reader is presented with an epitome of English Gothic architecture.

The County Books are uniform in the excellence of their presentation, but the Editor, Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, has allowed his authors a wide measure of latitude in dealing with their allotted subjects. These contrasts are well-marked in the two latest volumes in the series, HERTFORDSHIRE, by Sir William Beach Thomas, the distinguished naturalist, and DORSET, by Eric Benfield (both published by Robert Hale at 15s. each). Sir William, as might be expected, dwells essentially on the charms of Hertfordshire's streams and rivers, commons, farms and little towns, and he naturally touches on the ever-present threat of encroachment to this Home county lying on the northern fringe of London. Eric Benfield, who understands so well the persistent and distinctive characteristics of Dorset folk, does much to recreate the Dorset atmosphere. His historical notes are of particular interest and there is an illuminating and vivid reconstruction of the ancient tribal settlement of Maiden Castle, so much regarding which was discovered during excavations between the wars. In the same vein, but far more wide-ranging in scope, is Martin Thornhill's EXPLORER'S ENGLAND (Skeffington. 12s. 6d.). Accounts of quaint ceremonies, old customs and traditions add much to the pleasure of this volume, which should appeal particularly to summer visitors from overseas.

Erich von Stroheim, the Austro-American actor who for years was the stormy petrel of Hollywood and has had at least two careers, one as a director and one as a character actor, is the subject of a biography by Peter Noble entitled HOLLYWOOD SCAPEGOAT (The Fortune Press. 15s.). Like William Fox, von Stroheim was destroyed financially by the Hollywood financiers, but his cinematic skill is now widely acknowledged, and in his second career, his services are still in constant demand as a screen writer and for major parts. Peter Noble shows this bizarre personality in the most bizarre of communities, "the Fabulous Von," who came from nowhere, a penniless immigrant, to bestride the silent screen like a Colossus. His contributions to the entertainment of millions make von Stroheim's story of success, failure and success of some importance and much interest. The material is somewhat loosely assembled

Two illustrated volumes of outdoor appeal are Louis T. Stanley's MASTER GOLFERS IN ACTION (Macdonald. 15s.) and W. Kenneth Richmond's CLIMBER'S TESTAMENT (Alvin Redman. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Stanley presents a first-class series of pictures which should help the tyro golfer and the semi-experienced player in improving their play. Mr. Richmond's volume is also addressed both to the beginner and to the climber of some experience.

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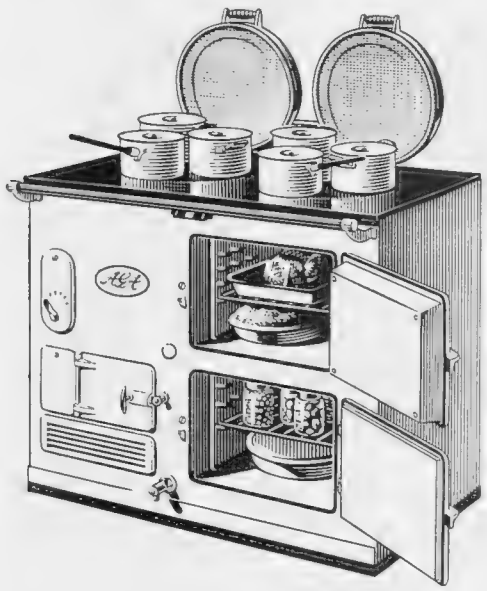

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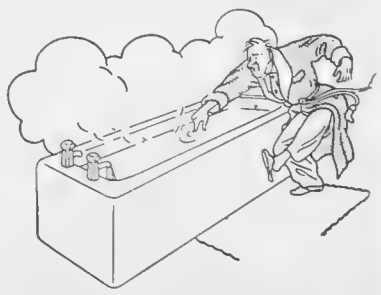

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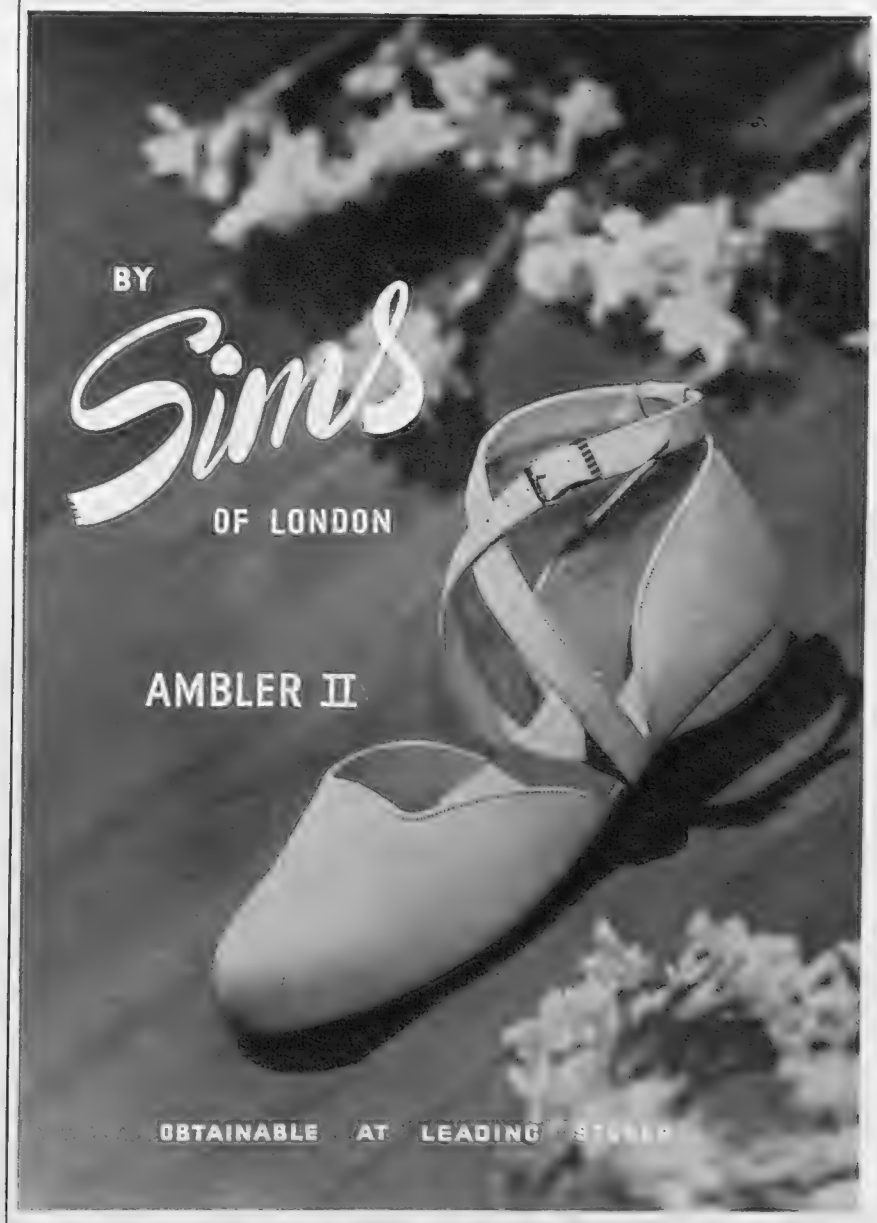

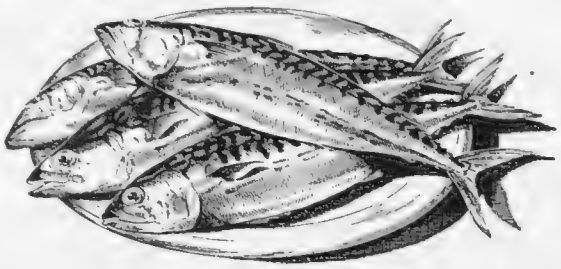

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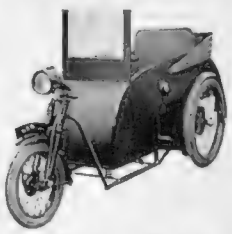

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

I HOPE, now motorists are free to go where they will, that they are becoming more discriminating in their choice of hotels, whether for a meal or a night's lodging. Time and time again I have learnt that a few miles' detour to right or left makes all the difference to one's bodily and mental comfort. Almost every county has its hidden gems, and here are a few that come to mind:

Hundreds of motorists will be travelling westwards this year to the Devon and Cornish seaboard, and many will pass through Wincanton, but only a few are likely to know of the charms of *Holbrook House Hotel*, which lies in its own grounds about two miles off the main road to Castle Cary. The discovery of this hotel will put you in good heart for the rest of your journey. Some will get beyond Wincanton and reach Honiton; on the London side of this town there is a small hotel called *Monkton Court*, which always scores top marks for cleanliness, friendliness and good food. On the Exeter side of Honiton, keep a look-out for a sign-post reading "*Deer Park Hotel*." It lies about a mile off the main road, tucked away in a network of Devon by-roads, but is well indicated, so you should have no difficulty in finding it, and when you have, you will surely decide to linger there.

Quite a number of motorists take that route through Winchester, Ringwood, Dorchester and Bridport. About 1½ miles to the north of Dorchester is a first-rate example of a hidden gem—*East Hill Hotel*, on the outskirts of the little village of Charminster (not to be confused with Charmouth, near Lyme Regis). But I advise you to ring up before going there, for the accommodation is limited, and you can count yourself lucky if they are able to take you in. The number is Dorchester 210.

The Great North Road in particular necessitates a knowledge of good hotels; some will be found on the actual route, others by making detours, so here are some of my recommendations. At Stevenage, in Hertfordshire (London, 32¼ miles), there is the *Cromwell Hotel*, where you can be sure of a satisfying meal at whatever hour, within reason, you call. The *George and Dragon* at Baldock (London, 38¾ miles), an old coaching inn, will also cater admirably for your bodily comforts. Then, at Tempsford (London, 50 miles), there is another small inn called *The Anchor*, where, in the dining-room-*cum*-lounge, you can partake of a good meal in pleasant surroundings. *Ye Olde White Horse*, Eaton Socon (London, 54½ miles), is now under the personal direction of Mrs. Johnson, who has a wide experience of catering; this old coaching inn is as famous to-day as it ever was for good food and a congenial atmosphere. My next halting-place on the Great North Road is at Norman Cross (London, 76½ miles), where without hesitation I advise you to go to the *English Garden Hotel*, which is personally presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Hind. After your long stretch at the wheel it is very pleasant to halt awhile in this Georgian house, which has been so restfully furnished.

So now we have covered some 80 miles of your journey, with a handful of first-class hostelries from which to choose. There are plenty of good hotels in Britain for those who take the trouble to seek them, and I have little patience for those who write to the Press deploring bad meals and inferior accommodation.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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"Sounds just the thing — I'll phone them this evening for reservations."

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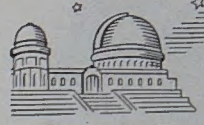

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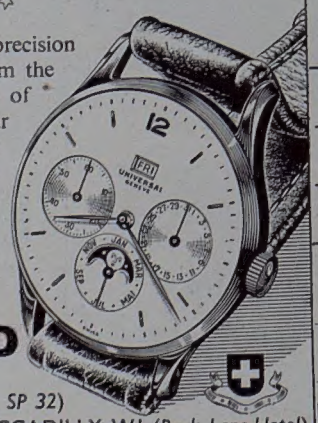

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